A Bill to Protect the Press **Rep. Robert F. Drinan**

THE NATION

AUGUST 5-12, 1978 60 cents

Our Global Neighborhood

Latin America
THE JUNTAS IN MUFTI
Christopher Hitchens

The Dominican Republic
DEMOCRACY HAS A PRAYER
Raymond Alcide Joseph

'All Greeks Were Heroes'
LOOKING FOR ANESTIS
Herbert Mitgang

Angola Still Off Limits
REAFFIRMING THE CLARK AMENDMENT
Sen. Dick Clark

United Nations
THE DISARMAMENT
Pamela Co

An American Dadaist / Ben Sonnenberg

JUL 3 1 1978
JOHNSON CITY TN 37601
E TENN ST UNIV
PERIOD DEPT
SHERROD LIB
14137B AG2
** 0875

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

a world man

New York City

If I was doing my act I would say that I deserve all those marvelous things you said about me in your editorial ["Muhammad Ali for Congress," *The Nation*, July 22-29]. But seriously I am extremely flattered by your appraisal of me. You sure done your homework and covered all the bases. It ain't often that I am quoted so accurately. But to get down to the nubbin, I ain't interested in politics. I mean like running for office. I'm a world man. My fellow man is not just an American and my race is the human race. I'm shook up when I see a child that is going hungry or a mother who is without medical attention. These are the things I'm interested in. And of course peace. Peace for all men and all nations at all times.

Muhammad Ali

personal knowledge

Washington, D.C.

Andrew Young's statement about the numerous political prisoners in the United States was based on personal knowledge. He had been a political prisoner. He had worked with Martin Luther King Jr. and they had been in and out of jails in the South. And he knew that new victims were being claimed daily. . . .

Want to take a look around for political prisoners? What about all these Native American Indians who have been framed, indicted, tried, jailed, freed, etc.? The names that come quickest to mind are Skyhorse and Mohawk, but they are but two among many. . . . Think of the thousands, particularly Negroes, Chicanos, Indians and other minorities who rot in jails all over this land. And with them are other dissenters of all types.

In a society where there is so much racism in social, economic and legal systems, political prisoners are an inevitable product of its procedures. They are numerous enough to verify Young's statements. *Ralph Russell*

See editorial, this issue.

thanks for Chomsky

Uniondale, N.Y.

Thanks for the penetrating book review by Noam Chomsky in your July 22-29 issue. It is the single most thoughtful and eye-opening analysis of the Mideast question that I have seen anywhere. U.S. marketing of arms to Israel and the conservative oil monarchies to "Vietnamize" the struggle against the Left while helping to pay for oil imports, is a provocative hypothesis that begs further airing.

Martin Melkonian

P.S. Thanks also for a return of Carey McWilliams and for Robert Hatch's eloquent reviews.

workers in Chile

Rosslyn, Va.

I was astonished to read David Morris's remarks in his book review on worker self-management in the July 1st issue of *The Nation*. His comments about the Inter-American Foundation and the worker self-management sector in Chile today are irresponsible. Chileans in and out of Chile, including Juan Espinosa whose *Economic Democracy* he reviews, would take considerable issue with him.

In supporting the efforts of Chilean workers, the foundation is supporting the Chilean people and not their government and this not without considerable difficulty. The WSME sector is nongovernmental and has social roots all the way back to the early 1900s. It is a unique movement in this sense in all of Latin America. The worker self-

(Continued on page 116)

EDITORIALS

Looking Abroad

In this midsummer issue of *The Nation* we turn our gaze almost entirely outward, toward the world. There is nothing here of the troubles of our own politics and economy, no tales of aptness or ineptness in the Capital, nothing on scandals and corruption or mere slackness. And even though our articles deal with the world beyond our shores, there is no comprehensiveness in the topics treated—we omit this time, for instance, coverage of the Middle East, of the world's economy and the efforts to deal with it at the Summit, and of the growing confrontations in Africa and in Asia.

This issue devoted to aspects of the "foreign" world is simply a reflection of the fact that we are receiving a growing number of articles of high quality, we believe, on what is happening abroad—evidence perhaps of an increasing American interest in global matters. And if the world our writers examine in this issue may not be the best of all possible ones, it is not the worst.

In Latin America, for example, Christopher Hitchens (p. 103) senses a shift from the notion that military dictatorships are the only structures that can run things in that whole continent, an idea that crested in the days of Nixon and Kissinger and seemed to have their steady blessing. There may be no men like Karamanlis waiting in the wings for the juntas to grow tired of the burden of governing, or for their despairing subjects to kick them out, but there are signs of change, some of them democratically healthy. In the Dominican Republic, ruled for so long by the iron fist of Trujillo, there is more than a "prayer" that an election will not be made a mockery, as Raymond Alcide Joseph (p. 106) makes clear.

Senator Dick Clark of Iowa (p. 111), who had the daring (some would say the effrontery) to block Kissinger's wish to plunge headlong into Angola during its revolutionary struggle, by insisting in the amendment named for him that Congress would have to approve such an adventure, defends his law and shows that it has served this country well. In statesmanlike language (he even neglects to name the CIA's Admiral Turner as one of those who tried to get him to "untie" the President's hands) the Senator argues by implication for an altogether different approach to turmoil in the Third World than the one to which we have been accustomed.

In her account of the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament, Pamela Constable (p. 114) calls attention to the quite shameful indifference of our political leaders and of the establishment press to the largest conference on disarmament in history. UNSSOD, it will be recalled, was the conference the President avoided, sending in his stead Vice President Mondale to make thunderous propaganda against the Soviet Union.

Finally, Herbert Mitgang (p. 108), a journalist who

Notice to Our Readers

The Nation is publishing on its summer schedule. The next issue will be dated August 19-26.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was involved in, and deeply affected by, the Greek people's struggle for freedom in the wake of World War II, gives a moving account of his return to that land more than a generation later and of his search for the heroes of that day. He found some alive and the memory of those who had died for their cause still fresh.

We cover in this issue just a part of the world and in some of it our writers find reason to hope.

Back to the Ice Age

It is apparently difficult for our elected leaders to plan the strategy of Cold War II—there are too many variables and unpredictabilities. But then it was just as hard three decades ago to plot the line of Cold War I, a confrontation with "world communism" we stumbled into as the world emerged from the victory of the United Nations over the Axis (to recall the terms of those bygone days). The argument we make here is not a prescription for C.W. II, needless to say, but an attempt to remind ourselves of the characteristics of that old global clash as we head into its modern version.

In C.W. I America thought it was confronting a monolith, the great boulder called communism. It was held to be a crusading force that aimed to take over the world for reasons of ideology more than of the classic power politics of nationalistic expansion. Our answer, naturally, had to be a counter-crusade—against "godless communism" and its ambitions. The rhetoric was large but the actions were small, consisting on both sides more of bluster than of head-to-head confrontation over Large Issues. The USSR, for instance, began the Berlin blockade in 1947 largely because its "allies" in the occupation of Germany had decided to reform the German currency and extend it to divided West Berlin—that meant to the Russians that we would resurrect Germany and place it in our "camp." As the airlift roared overhead, our General Clay had their Marshal Sokolovsky arrested for driving too fast through our zone of Berlin. Tit for tat.

In those days we thought we would have the monopoly of nuclear power for a generation—it lasted five years. The Communist side was winning the Chinese Revolution and in 1949 Mao took over the most populous country; our man Chiang fled to Taiwan while we wrung our hands at this giant accretion to the monolith. Almost no one on our side saw the likelihood of the Sino-Soviet split; that fission began within a decade.

Miscalculation, just plain wrong judgment, dominated the thinking of both sides in those early days of C.W. I. Perhaps seeing through a glass darkly marks all of history, and who can doubt that it is happening again at the beginning of C.W. II?

In those days the United States had vastly more power in relation to the adversary than it does today. Yet it had the same kind of difficulty in exercising it and frustration was the result. So it turned inward and McCarthyism and McCarranism were its nasty manifestations at home, while the trumpets of Dullesism sounded abroad.

Truman had a hard time imposing a $15 billion budget limit on the clashing military chiefs in 1948. Two years later came the Korean War; defense expenditures tripled before its end and by then the national

IN THIS ISSUE

August 5-12, 1978

EDITORIALS

98 Looking Abroad; Back to the Ice Age; Andrew Young Is Right; Coming Close in Namibia; Healthwatch

102 A Bill to Protect the Press *Rep. Robert F. Drinan*

ARTICLES

OUR GLOBAL NEIGHBORHOOD

103 Latin America: The Juntas in Mufti *Christopher Hitchens*

105 The Good Riddance of Terence Todman *Cressida McKean & Max Holland*

106 The Dominican Republic: Democracy Has a Prayer *Raymond Alcide Joseph*

108 "All Greeks Were Heroes": Looking for Anestis *Herbert Mitgang*

111 Angola Still Off Limits: Reaffirming the Clark Amendment *Sen. Dick Clark*

114 United Nations Symbolism: Disarmament Paperhangers *Pamela Constable*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

117 Bynner: Selected Poems Bynner: Light Verse and Satires *Ben Sonnenberg*

120 Corn: A Call in the Midst of the Crowd *David Kalstone*

121 Dance *Nancy Goldner*

122 Art *Lawrence Alloway*

123 Films *Robert Hatch*

124 Records *David Hamilton*

124 A Mockingbird (poem) *Joseph Bruchac*

Editor VICTOR NAVASKY

Publisher HAMILTON FISH

Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor ELIZABETH POCHODA

Contributing Editor BLAIR CLARK

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Advertising Manager, SUSAN ELLEN HEITLER; Circulation, GLORIA SANGSTER.

Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and copyright 1978 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign. Foreign subscriptions: equivalent U.S. funds.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 227
No. 4

JUL 31 '78

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

security state was born and thriving. We began our involvement in Indochina when the French dropped the colonial banner at Geneva in 1954, and by the time we had picked it up it had become the anti-Communist standard. Counterinsurgency was one watchword. To inspire the troops to man the ramparts we were told by our leaders that communism's grand design required us to rattle our arms all around the world—this while the monolith was cracking into multipolarity for all to see (but we failed to notice).

The one enormous difference between the situation at the start of C.W. I and C.W. II is in the area of strategic weaponry. We had the capability of Assured Destruction of the adversary then, and now both superpowers have the ability known as MAD—adding mutuality of annihilation to the equations. And the arsenals on both sides are so large, and hair-triggered, that the rest of the world trembles in the shaky balance of power and terror. They watch us jousting with the Russians in Africa as we did after W.W. II over Greece, with surrogates in the front lines. It makes them properly nervous, but they are helpless.

SALT is a device for stabilizing the nuclear balance at vastly excessive levels. Right now, because of the rumblings of C.W. II, it begins to look as if the effort to make SALT II will fail and both sides will move on to new generations of horror weaponry, more "ultimate" than ever. "Air Force Says New Missiles May Need Area the Size of Connecticut," reads the headline in *The New York Times* of July 20. The size of Kansas next round?

Pravda resorts to oceanic imagery in its outraged comment on the West's (and specifically President Carter's) stiff criticism of the latest Moscow show trials, of Shcharansky and Ginzburg. "The campaign of interference in the internal affairs of Socialist countries is becoming an uncontrollable process, a tide that is carrying those who swim in it toward the cliffs of confrontation," growled the Moscow organ on July 15. Will the two sides go beyond slanging and bickering? Do we have cliffs of our own against which the adversary could be dashed? It is hard to see the end of this game of "chicken" being played once more by the great powers.

There is, of course, something the United States could do, all on its own, to keep C.W. II at a reasonable temperature (no more than "chilly" in Brezhnev's recent formulation). It would be to "stop racing" in the arms race, as Richard Barnet put it in the May-June issue of *Working Papers*. The President could "challenge the Soviets to reciprocate" after he had announced that he was "suspending the projected new weapons programs—the cruise missile, the Trident, the MX, the neutron bomb and the other horrors waiting in the wings. . . ." We would thus initiate a process which our beleaguered SALT negotiator Paul Warnke once called "reciprocal unilateral reductions" (which sounds like a contradiction in terms but, in the crazy logic of arms racing, is not that at all). "Only by making a firm commitment ourselves to disarmament and to reducing the threat our forces pose to the USSR," writes Barnet, "can we test Soviet intentions."

It would be a challenge, for sure, one that was not only sensible but humane, however, and so it would be perceived by the rest of the world, the observers of the game of great power "chicken," those whose good will we court in the contest for influence with the Soviet Union. There was never a real chance to make such a gesture in the days of Cold War I. Given the levels of armament now, it exists today. It may not be there tomorrow. Then there could be a drastic reversal of the temperature scale of Cold War II and the crucial measurements could be in thermonuclear heat, no longer in mere political chill.

Andrew Young Is Right

Andrew Young's recent statement that the United States has had its own "political prisoners," made on the eve of judgment in the trials of Soviet dissidents Aleksandr Ginzburg and Anatoly Shcharansky, has provoked a storm of protest, rising right up to the White House. But, when the smoke clears and the Carter administration steps back from the moral pose it has struck in defense of dissidents' liberty, a fact stands coldly revealed: Andrew Young is right.

To be sure, America does not have political prisoners defined as such. But it has had and does have those who have been arrested or imprisoned in protest, or detained because of their opposition to elements of local or national policy. Or deprived of their economic freedom.

Ambassador Young has painfully turned our attention to an ugly side of American life most would prefer to ignore: the scandal of American imprisonment. While President Carter, Secretary of State Vance and a handful of Russian dissidents and their supporters arouse the righteous indignation of Americans toward Soviet injustice, we have turned our backs on our own injustices.

The United States now has the highest imprisonment rate in the West, more than double that found in any other NATO country. According to the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, the United States had 533,000 citizens behind bars in 1977, up from 337,000 in 1972. This increase, unprecedented in the history of American correction, is unparalleled anywhere in the world. Indeed, it seems that the land of the free is becoming the home of the jailed.

Eugene Doleschal, director of the NCCD's Information Center, observes that we are the West's "most punitive" nation, adding wryly that "the common criminal is better off in the USSR." The average American criminal would be better off just about anywhere, in fact. Doleschal points out that "every other country is either reducing or phasing out prison population," while the United States is increasing both the number of inmates and the length of their terms.

This development, a result of the law-and-order trend prevalent here since 1972, has not led to any reduction in crime or victimization rates. And, because of the heavy emphasis placed on crimes against property over those of violence, the "safe streets" goals of law-and-order proponents stand little chance of being met.

One's sense of social justice is disturbed on closer examination of current domestic imprisonment statistics. Fully half of America's prisoners are black; 31 percent were unemployed in the month prior to arrest; 60 percent earned less than $6,000 in the year prior to their arrest;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a large portion are under 25; three times as many were imprisoned for theft as for violent crimes.

From these and other figures one can draw the grim conclusion that the United States lacks economic liberty to the same degree that the Soviets lack political freedom. Our poor, blacks, unemployed and young are filling our jails. They are in effect suppressed, for, unlike the more affluent, they rarely have access to or the money for adequate legal defense after their economic condition has driven them to commit criminal acts.

In a concession to his critics, Young admitted that he had not meant to equate U.S. freedom with that of the Soviet Union. Of course not. But he has effectively pointed out that the United States has little reason to hold itself up as a model of perfection. JOSH MARTIN

Coming Close in Namibia

Settlement of the Namibian question seemed for a moment to be tantalizingly within reach. Then it swung back over the void, pushed there by the intransigent South Africans. It is therefore still uncertain that Western pressures on Pretoria and the influence of the front-line states of southern Africa on Nujoma of SWAPO and his factional opponents within the South-West Africa Peoples Organization can make the transition to independence happen.

Whether or not the miracle of a quick settlement occurs in Namibia, it is pleasant to observe that the diplomacy of the United States has played a decent and effective part in pushing the problem close to a solution. For a change (from the Kissinger style), American diplomats, headed by Ambassador Donald McHenry, have recognized and dealt with the complexities of regional politics in that area, rather than with "global" and therefore irrelevant considerations of high strategy of the East-West confrontational variety.

For that new approach great credit must be given to Ambassador Andrew Young. Whatever effect his outspokenness may have had on the "human rights" issue with the USSR, the fact is that he and his allies in the State Department have changed the climate of opinion in much of southern Africa and made possible a constructive role for the United States in that region. It was essential that Angola endorse the proposed Namibian independence arrangements, and that happened.

What this country can actually do to break the eleventh-hour resistance of South Africa to setting its old mandate free (at least a dozen years late) is a hard question. But a tough line with Pretoria will work better with the Afrikaners than the appeasing approach that has marked our policy too long.

Healthwatch

The word is out that there *must* be a national health insurance bill, that the President has so determined. Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Joseph Califano is reluctant, even unwilling, to go up to the Congress with such a bill because the specter of an even more monstrous inflation of medical costs looms ahead unless effective controls are legislated first. But that legislation is held up while a series of political maneuvers are carried out behind the scenes of both Senatorial and House committee hearings. Still, the President is adamant. He is under mounting pressure from minority groups, from the trade union leadership, from recognizing that public confidence is fading.

So the President demands action in this necessary social area. National health insurance it will be.

But will it?

The President also dictates a number of conditions on this unconditional demand. No additional money, administration by private health insurers; in other words, private initiative is the watchword and there is a lid on budgeted costs.

If Califano's persuasions do not deflect or postpone this decision, if he surrenders to the "inevitable," it will not be to the public program most people expect or want. Whatever shape it takes, given the preconditions, there can be in that legislation no guarantee of universal coverage, of improved access, of cost restraint, elimination of inflation, of quality standards.

The burden of paying for the service, although in the form of insurance premiums rather than across the table, will still rest largely with the poor and middle-income groups. The private insurance companies, those intermediaries in the Medicare and Medicaid programs whose record of supervision and control is so shoddy, will still be in charge. Congressional flogging from time to time hasn't helped much in the past and is unlikely to help in the future. Nor do denunciations from the Presidential podium promise to be any more effective in reducing corrupt practices, wasteful administration, deficient and unsatisfactory services.

Carter detests bureaucratic solutions, and so do I. But if there is to be any kind of national program, equitable in form and satisfying in content, the answer is not to turn it over to the same profiteers and unelected middlemen in the insurance industry, 5 percenters over whom we have no control. "Surrender to the inevitable" smacks of just plain old surrender.

The Canadians seem able to allot federal funds through the states to the local communities for local control and administration of clearly defined national objectives in health and medical care. Can't we do that? The Canadians have decided to yield up some taxing power to the localities for the purpose of allowing them to pick up those taxes themselves for a health system. It's a not too novel approach to revenue sharing, suggested in this country many times.

The trade unions and Senatorial gladiators who have fought for a national health program must not allow their anxious desire for a program to trap them into accepting a fraudulent and defective substitute. A trade union rally at Madison Square Garden is already in preparation for the Presidential announcement this summer. If the proposed bill is as promised, without public funds or public supervision, the rally should be converted into a memorial for a dead issue.

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.

Dr. Silver is professor of public health at the School of Medicine, Yale University, and the author of A Spy in the House of Medicine (*Aspen Systems Corp.*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Bill to Protect the Press

Rep. Robert F. Drinan

The ominous repercussions of the recent Supreme Court decision, *Zurcher* v. *Stanford Daily,* which gives law-enforcement officials access by an ex parte search warrant to the private papers, documents and files of individuals who are not in any way implicated in criminal activity, resound most loudly in the offices of those who gather and disseminate news. For the media and the public at large, this decision is further dangerous erosion of the fundamental civil liberties enunciated in the Bill of Rights, particularly freedom of the press and the right to privacy.

Because the erosion constitutes a judicial trend with devastating consequences, I have introduced in the Congress the Press Protection Act of 1978. My bill, which has forty-eight House cosponsors, would require that an adversary hearing be held in front of a magistrate before any writ enabling a search could be issued. Further, an ex parte warrant could be issued only if there was probable cause to believe that a news reporter had committed or was committing a crime.

The Fourth Amendment provides that "the right of the people to be secure in their houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated. . . ." Unfortunately, the Supreme Court has redefined the word "unreasonable" in a way that allows for searches in an ever widening range of contexts. In its 1967 *Warden* v. *Hayden* decision the Court maintained that a distinction was no longer to be made between merely evidentiary materials and the contraband, instrumentalities and fruits of crime, which traditionally could be seized. Justice William O. Douglas in his dissent underscored the intent of the framers when he asserted, "Those who wrote the Bill of Rights believed that every individual needs both to communicate with others and to keep his affairs to himself. This dual aspect of privacy means that the individual should have the freedom to select for himself the time and circumstances when he will share his secrets with others and decide the extent of that sharing."

The *Zurcher* decision has reaffirmed the Court's conviction expressed in *Warden* v. *Hayden* that general and indiscriminate searches are not inconsistent with the intent of the Fourth Amendment. This misconstruction of the Constitution is particularly dangerous when applied to searches of the press.

The *Zurcher* decision presents a serious dilemma for those engaged in news gathering and dissemination. The mere possibility that law-enforcement officials may appear at any time in news rooms will cause reporters to modify their practices in order to secure the integrity of their sources and stories. Such alterations in the traditional news-gathering techniques may take many forms, including, as Carl Rowan noted, "committing notes and sources to memory, burying papers in tin cans and empty whiskey bottles." Or reporters may resort to the simple expedient followed by James J. Kilpatrick who tells us that he placed certain files "six feet deep in a sanitary landfill in back of Clifton Clark's barn."

The accounts of intimidation and fear instilled in news reporters are only beginning to unfold. The chief of the bureau of the Lee Newspapers in Helena, Mont. wrote that "The day after the Court's decision, my office began erasing all tapes and destroying or removing from the premises all confidential records of conversations with sources."

Not only will reporters be required to go to elaborate lengths to conceal their sources and records but their ability to attract new sources of information may have been dealt a stunning blow. Robert Healy, executive editor of *The Boston Globe,* testifying before the House Government Information Subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee on June 26, 1978, related just this kind of frightening phenomenon. Healy testified that the religion editor of the *Globe,* who had written articles on how the Church of Scientology uses young people to raise funds, was approached by a confidential source. After initially appearing willing to provide information, the source broke off contact with the reporter because of fear that the *Zurcher* ruling would enable law-enforcement officials to learn his identity through use of a search warrant.

The chilling effect of this decision on the media itself may even be more subtle but no less harmful. It is conceivable that news reporters will shy away from investigation of important and controversial issues. One wonders if the Pentagon Papers would have been published or the Watergate affair uncovered if this ruling had existed during those times. It is important to realize that suppression of information can stem not only from governmental acts of commission but also from media acts of omission, occasioned by fears, doubts and hesitations.

There is still another kind of damage that this ruling has done and will do—ironically, this decision may hamper police investigations. John Leonard, president of the National District Attorneys Association has testified, "prosecutors, for example, often depend heavily on the published stories of newsmen for leads into the investigation of criminal activity, and much of the information is obtainable for such stories only if the confidential sources are assured anonymity. Information which would never be disclosed voluntarily to law-enforcement officials may come to light through confidential contacts with the media."

There are those who will argue that the danger to the the press is exaggerated because magistrates will issue warrants only in exceptional cases and after careful and judicious deliberation. According to the reports of the Administrative Office of U.S. Courts, however, judges refuse to approve warrants for electronic surveillance in very few cases. Since the enactment of the wiretap statute in 1968, only a handful of requests have been denied. The tendency of such requests to be approved is even greater, of course, when the local magistrate is a political friend or even appointee of the local officials.

To these apprehensions, Justice White responded that

Robert Drinan is a Member of Congress; 4th District, Massachusetts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "hazards of such warrants can be avoided by a neutral magistrate carrying out his responsibilities under the Fourth Amendment, for he has ample tools at his disposal to confine warrants to search within reasonable limits." That assurance prompted James J. Kilpatrick to observe, "His eminence perhaps was born yesterday."

In view of these significant objections to the *Zurcher* ruling, it is particularly difficult to understand the position taken by the Department of Justice. It assured Sen. Birch Bayh's Judiciary Subcommittee that no warrant has ever been issued against the press at the federal level in the entire history of this country. Further, the department spokesman insistently repeated that the internal regulations of the department called for a "subpoena-first" policy and that resort to a warrant was the least desirable or likely option. Why, in that case, did the Justice Department file an amicus curiae brief in support of the police search power?

One need hardly emphasize the importance of enacting legislation to protect the news operations of the print and electronic media. Throughout our history the press has exposed corruption, disclosed improprieties by high-ranking officials, and revealed the undue influence of special interests on the processes of government. In pursuing this noble role, the press needs a great deal of breathing space to ferret out unlawful or improper conduct. Unless we act legislatively to overturn the *Zurcher* decision, we shall find that space severely constricted. □

OUR GLOBAL NEIGHBORHOOD

LATIN AMERICA

The Juntas in Mufti

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

But we have to see behind all these, there is something
behind the traitors and the gnawing rats,
an empire which sets the table,
and serves up the nourishment and the bullets.
They want to repeat their great success in Greece.

Thus Pablo Neruda, in his poem "They Receive Instructions against Chile." At the time of his death, which occurred at almost the moment of the coup that disfigured his country, many non-Communist and non-Socialist Latin Americans would have known just who he meant in that opening verse. American power seemed a hideous strength in 1973, with the corpse of Allende as its emblem.

At any rate, it would not then have seemed probable that in 1978 the United States could recall its Ambassador from Chile in protest at the noncooperation of the military authorities. And still less likely that the issue between the two states would be another murdered Socialist; this time Orlando Letelier. One should not press journalistic counterpoint too far, but in the central police prison in Buenos Aires there is an old slogan on the wall of the men's room. It once read, "Americans get out of Argentina"; it now reads, "Americans get us out of Argentina." If Neruda's line about "the great success in Greece" is still relevant, it relates to the subsequent great good fortune of United States policy in that country. When the Athens colonels fell (no thanks to Washington), Constantine Karamanlis was waiting in the wings (no thanks to Washington) to pick up the pieces. The question now for Latin America is: how far can an anti-dictatorship policy go without opening a Pandora's box? And is a "Greek solution" possible? Is there, in fact, a consistent policy at all?

Christopher Hitchens, a frequent observer of the Latin American scene, is foreign editor of The New Statesman *in London.*

At the Latin American summit conference in Washington last September, every military head of state (with the exception of the egregious Morales Bermudez of Peru) wore civilian clothes. To call this window dressing is metaphorically tempting, but there is a sense in which Carter's policy has genuine claims to success. The recent admonishment of potential dictators in the Dominican Republic is one of them; it may actually have forestalled a coup. The rebukes delivered to Pinochet and Videla about the maltreatment of their opposition are also significant (and their effect on populations starved of hope should not be dismissed by know-it-alls. These are real talking points in the countries concerned).

Second, and far from negligible, is the political distance established between Washington and the despots. The January hunger strike by Bolivian human rights activists, which compelled a full amnesty and the concession of some civil and political liberties, was able to confront General Banzer, made nervous because he could no longer be sure of automatic support for repression. (General Banzer's handpicked successor, Gen. Juan Pereda Asbun, seized power in a *coup d'état* on July 21, after the Electoral Court annulled the recent national election amid charges that Pereda supporters had rigged the vote.) The upsurge of feeling against the Somoza dynasty in Nicaraqua was also undoubtedly stimulated by Carter's pronouncements and by the changed atmosphere in the region. Alas, in Nicaragua the response of the United States has thus far been halting and uneven. After the murder of Pedro Joaquín Chamorro in January, and the ensuing popular outrage, Washington was confronted by the possibility of an actual collapse of one of its clients. The Inter-American Development Bank and the American Government continued their soft loan policy, while holding back on actual military aid. The breathing space seems to have given Somoza a remission from demise.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

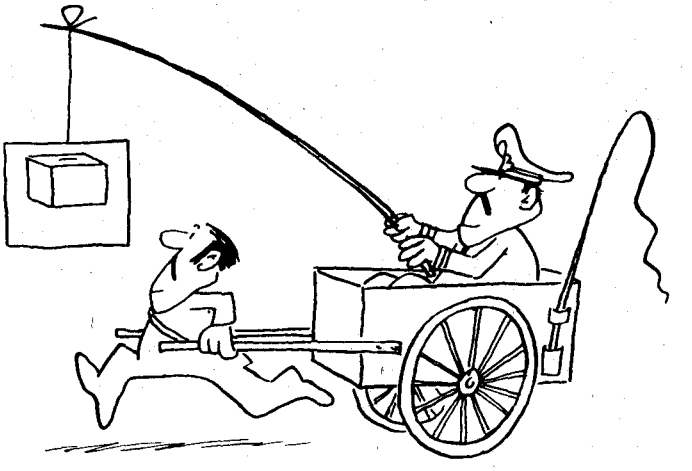
Still, in 1978 there have been or will be elections of one kind and another in Ecuador, Costa Rica, Paraguay, Colombia, Guatemala, El Salvador, the Dominican Republic, Peru, Bolivia, Panama, Brazil and Venezuela (in order of occurrence). Many if not most of these provide, or have already provided, excellent copy for cynics and great vignettes for Graham Greene. There will be fraud, intimidation and tokenism on an operatic scale. But, as the example of Peru has already shown in its June poll, it will be impossible to exclude politics altogether. When 15 percent of the electorate chose the Marxist opposition there was a predictable crackdown, but there was also evidence of a dissent that it will be hard to ignore. (Of course, in some countries, as for example Paraguay, there will be a "Hundred Flowers" effect, whereby the military use an election to find out who opposes them. This has already happened in Brazil in recent years.)

So American policy is to some extent identified with a limited democratic renaissance. Comment on the policy has tended until now to stress the conflict in Washington between pro- and anti-human rights officialdom. It has been fairly well advertised that there was a division between Terence Todman (see box on opposite page), the Assistant Secretary of State, and men like Allard Lowenstein at the United Nations.

Todman, who has been "promoted" to Ambassador to Spain, was partly responsible for the kid-glove treatment of Somoza. He seems to have been largely responsible for the departure of John Crimmins from the embassy in Brazil, after the latter had taken a firm view on the rights of the opposition MDB. Todman opposed the United States cosponsorship of a U.N. resolution condemning Chile last autumn. He was also given to applauding the "marked progress" of governments that had only begun the first twitches of concession, and thus in effect to ratify their earlier crimes and misdemeanors.

The weakness of this kind of criticism is that it is unpolitical. Human rights policy in Latin America is only at the stage of tentative disengagement from some past wrongs. In part the new stance is pragmatic; in part it is moral. But the "Greek factor" is still crucial. If Latin America is not to be governed by Somozas and Pinochets and Geisels, who is it to be governed by? And will the United States have any influence on the choices?

Probably in any foreseeable circumstances, a Greek solution that involves a full return to open politics is out of the question. But, pursuing the Mediterranean analogy, a Turkish solution might be in the cards. In Turkey of the early 1970s, the pro-American and pro-NATO army gave up direct power but continued to look over the shoulder of the Constitution it had bequeathed. To this day, no policy or politician fundamentally hostile to the military can hope to succeed, but a certain amount of vigorous political life goes on. The fact is that many military dictatorships in Latin America desire a Turkish solution. They do not want the unpopularity which comes with permanent office, because permanent office can rapidly become shaky. To get, and to keep, an enduring role in national life the generals will have to water their wine and civilianize their style. Perversely, Carter-type pressure may be helping them to do what they want to do anyway. There is an old joke, which I heard retold in the slums of Santiago de Chile: "If there were a general election, which general would you vote for?"



Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

The Inter-American Affairs section of the State Department is not naive. It knows that the anti-U.S. Left in South America is very strong. It also has to consider the interests at stake, the debts being rescheduled and serviced. The problem of transition to a humane stability will be immense, and the historical weight of past crimes equally so. There is much that will not be quickly forgiven. Treasury and Commerce still take big decisions (such as the April sale of tin stockpiles in order to finance U.S. support for the copper price) which upset Banzer's liberalization program and strengthened Pinochet's economy. Generally speaking, the Carter administration has avoided "linkage" between political reform and major economic projects, and one can see why.

There are still stubborn governments that are too stupid to feel the "wind of change" and that try to mobilize public opinion, in a demagogic way, against "gringoism" and even against "imperialism." Chile at present is one of these, and here the human rights policy of the administration is almost wholly beneficial, among other things

I enclose $_____ as payment for:
☐ 1 yr. (47 issues) $21. ☐ 2 yrs. (94 issues) $37.
☐ Gift subscription 1 yr. $18.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
Gift Subscription sent by:_____

THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10014
Add $1.00 per year for Canada and Mexico; add $2.00 per year for all other foreign subscriptions.
Foreign Subscriptions: Equivalent U.S. Funds

8-5-12/78

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

providing cover for brave men and women in the opposition who would otherwise be dead. Yet all the good will in the world will not make the pathetic figure of Eduardo Frei into a Karamanlis. Carlos Lazo was the last living senior Allende figure to be released from prison in Chile. When he arrived in London in April he said: "We want the overthrow of the dictatorship, not its transformation. We are worried about certain sectors of

THE GOOD RIDDANCE OF TERENCE TODMAN

Cressida McKean & Max Holland

In the coming weeks, the State Department's Latin America Bureau will change hands from Terence Todman to Viron Vaky. While Todman's transfer to the U.S. Embassy in Spain has been touted as a promotion, it is not. It occurred because, as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Todman was seriously at odds with many State Department colleagues over President Carter's human rights policy. Vaky will assume office in the wake of an intense bureaucratic struggle over the continued application of human rights sanctions to Latin America. (What he does now with that policy will not only affect political prisoners; it may also determine the very nature of governments throughout the hemisphere for the next decade.)

Todman clearly believed the administration had gone as far as it should with its human rights policy. The time had come to ease off Paraguayan dictator Stroessner, as well as dictators Pinochet, Videla and Somoza. But this view was not shared by several Ambassadors and State Department officials working with the Inter-Agency Group on Foreign Assistance and Human Rights. Headed by Deputy Secretary Warren Christopher, this group (drawn from the National Security Council and the State Department's offices of Policy Planning and Humanitarian Affairs) still generally believed that sanctions should not be lifted until substantive progress had become evident.

For the Christopher committee and several U.S. Ambassadors Todman's speech last February to the Center for Inter-American Relations in New York was the last straw. The officially controlled press in Argentina, Chile, Uruguay and Paraguay gave prominent coverage to Todman's address (which he had not cleared with his superiors). An editorial in Chile's *El Mercurio* strongly endorsed this "more moderate, balanced and realistic" approach. Todman's bureaucratic opponents, however, viewed his list of "don'ts" in the area of human rights as a direct attack on administration policy. At least two U.S. Ambassadors, from Uruguay and Paraguay, are known to have filed disapproving cables. By citing favorable responses to the speech and quoting at length from newspaper accounts, the envoys made clear their belief that Todman had undermined their diplomatic efforts on behalf of human rights.

During visits to nearly every Latin American country Todman has made statements to the foreign press which vexed U.S. envoys. A typical example was in Paraguay last year, where he acknowledged that Paraguay had human rights problems, but added that the situation had improved. However, neither the U.S. Embassy there nor various human rights commissions which had recently visited the country had noticed any improvements. Needless to say, the official news media in Paraguay gave Todman maximum coverage; one TV station called him "the wisest official in the Carter administration." However, Domingo Laino, a prominent Paraguayan Congressman, has said that the ambiguity of Todman's statements to the press, coupled with his eulogy of the economic situation, reinforced General Stroessner's rule.

Not surprisingly, Laino and many other opposition politicians throughout Latin America welcome Todman's departure. Hipolito Solari Yrigoyen, a former Argentinian Senator who was tortured by his country's security forces, said that "Todman's exit gives hope to the democratic leadership of Latin America that the human rights policy will include practical measures and not just simple rhetoric to obscure real support for the dictatorships."

Todman's successor, career diplomat Viron Vaky, appears to be the kind of bureaucrat who could go beyond mere rhetoric. His record in public service suggests that he may be the most able career officer selected for the job in years. Vaky has served as Ambassador to three democracies in Latin America —Costa Rica (1972-74), Colombia (1974-76) and Venezuela (1976-78)—along with other assignments in Ecuador, Argentina, Colombia and Guatemala. He also has extensive experience with Washington infighting, having served on the State Department's Policy Planning and the NSC staffs.

While on Policy Planning, he helped ease the way for Jamaica's entrance into the OAS, at a time when many officials were opposed because of its ties with Cuba. The most promising indication, however, is Vaky's decision in 1970 to "walk away" from his NSC job under Kissinger because of U.S. policy toward the possible election of a Socialist in Chile. By all accounts, Vaky is a dedicated careerist who plays according to the rules, and certainly he was careful not to burn his career bridges when he temporarily left the State Department. Yet the mere act of departure showed uncommon mettle.

Cressida McKean is a staff member of WOOLA, the Washington Office On Latin America. Max Holland is an associate of the Center for International Policy in Washington.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christian Democracy who want the reverse." General Videla told me that he, too, wanted "the new democracy," a democracy that would not be anarchic and volatile like those in the corrupt European states.

Credit should, as they say, be awarded where it is due. But the "Turkish solution" would not be a great improvement—indeed, insofar as it was broader based it could be regressive. It would be grotesquely ironic if Carter's crusade produced a subtler negation of freedom and democracy. □

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

DEMOCRACY HAS A PRAYER

RAYMOND ALCIDE JOSEPH

Since the May 16th election, the Dominican Republic has been in a state of crisis. And the situation may not change even after inauguration, scheduled for August 16. For though the Election Board belatedly recognized the victory of the Left-of-Center opposition slate for President and Vice President, it has arbitrarily altered the opposition's victory in the Senate. The three election judges, alleging "irregularities," took four Senate seats and one Lower House seat from the victorious Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD) and gave them to the Reformist Party of incumbent President Joaquín Balaguer. This has resulted in a 16-to-11 majority for the Reformists in the Upper Chamber.

The decision has been denounced by the PRD leadership. On receiving his "Certificate of Victory" from the Election Board on July 12, President-elect Antonio Guzmán Fernández characterized the action of the board a "monstruous and unconstitutional decision." But instead of organizing demonstrations, as some party hotheads demanded, the PRD has taken the case to the Dominican Supreme Court. The press, in general, has denounced the Election Board which, all agree, should have nullified the results if and where "irregularities" were found and ordered new elections in those constituencies. Meanwhile, the army says it will back the Election Board's decision.

Further, the Dominican Supreme Court ruled that it has no jurisdiction over the Election Board, which in effect puts the board beyond constitutional reach. The Court's decision has fanned more controversy, and the PRD says it will continue to fight for the five Congressional seats. (Meanwhile, Washington announced that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young will attend the inauguration in Santo Domingo. Also, Mexican President José López Portillo will be on hand for the swearing in of Mr. Guzmán.)

These events raise questions about the viability of democracy in the Caribbean island nation whose recent history includes an invasion by U.S. Marines to stop a civil war that wasn't going the way the United States would have liked.

Raymond Alcide Joseph holds an M.A. in social anthropology from the University of Chicago. He is publisher of the Haiti Observateur, *a weekly based in New York. Mr. Joseph is also a staff reporter on* The Wall Street Journal. *He was born in the Dominican Republic of Haitian parents, but left there in 1938 after the massacre.*

Things began going awry in the early hours of May 17, when the Dominican Army stormed the offices of the independent Election Board to stop the ballot count and the minute-by-minute broadcast of the returns. The soldiers seized the ballot boxes and disappeared with them. At that point, early tallies had shown Guzmán, candidate of the PRD, leading incumbent President Joaquín Balaguer by 2 to 1 in the capital city of Santo Domingo.

Rumors of a *coup d'état* spread rapidly, encouraged by the fact that news bulletins were being issued by the army, while no word came from President Balaguer. After two days and much foreign pressure, however, Balaguer went on television to say that he would honor the election, no matter who was officially declared the winner. The vote count was eventually resumed and, unofficially, Guzmán defeated Balaguer by 160,000 votes out of 1.6 million cast in a nation of some 5 million. The Dominican Chief of State even acknowledged his loss by sending the challenger a telegram of congratulations.

But then the crisis deepened. The Election Board failed to name the winner officially within a month of the elections, as stipulated by law. This is the first time that election results were not known by the following day. It is also the first election Balaguer has lost since he assumed power with America's blessing twelve years ago.

By denying the 70-year-old Balaguer a fourth four-year term, the Dominicans are trying again to break away from four decades of the Trujillo tradition. In 1962, the PRD, which was born in exile, won the first free election after the Trujillo era. It was a sweet victory for the exiled historian and poet Juan Bosch, who preached social reform. But in 1963, the conservative military, groomed by Trujillo, overthrew Bosch, who was accused of drifting to the Left. (He was also charged with trying to start a fight with Haiti.) Constitutional government had lasted only seven months.

Two years later, an army faction sympathetic to Bosch rebelled, its avowed aim being to re-establish "constitutionality." Aided by civilians, the "rebels" were winning their fight against the old guard when President Johnson sent in the Marines, ostensibly to thwart a Communist takeover. Later, the intervention was converted into an action of the Organization of American States, but few troops from Latin nations joined the 22,000 Americans. The Marines left a year later after Balaguer had been installed as President. He had "won" in an election that was far from a model of the democratic process. It con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firmed through the ballot box what had already occurred by force of arms. With military support and the backing of the business section—including U.S. corporations—Balaguer went on to "win" again in 1970 and 1974.

Although charges of fraud had been leveled at the Balaguer regime during the previous elections, the Election Board was never deterred from quickly announcing the winner. But with Balaguer the apparent loser, some stalwarts of his Reformist Party have challenged the election, protesting a host of "irregularities." They mention 600,000 citizens who failed to vote, and most of whom are said to be Reformist sympathizers. Thus, there was urgent talk of a "complementary election" whereby these citizens might exercise their rights.

Naturally, the PRD opposed this side election. Jacobo Majluta, the 43-year-old PRD Vice President-elect, stated that his party would call a general strike "if the election results were falsified or if there was a *coup d'état*" to deny victory to his party. Moreover, he added, a government other than one led by the PRD would be subject to sanctions "at the highest international levels—politically, diplomatically and economically."

No doubt Majluta has in mind the concern expressed by Washington and Andres Perez's Venezuelan Government. The United States has warned that financial aid to the Dominican Republic would be jeopardized if the election was dishonest. In fiscal 1978 such aid will rise to about $21 million, from $12.5 million in fiscal 1977. A larger consideration is what the U.S. market means to the sugar-based and tourist-dependent economy of the Caribbean island. The United States is the major buyer of Dominican sugar, which accounts for about 50 percent of the country's foreign exchange. Also, of the 359,940 tourists who visited the Dominican Republic last year, 191,724 were Americans. As for Venezuela, it provides, at a cut rate, the approximately 35,000 barrels of petroleum needed daily to fuel the Dominican economy. There's no doubt that if the United States and Venezuela use their muscles against the Balaguer regime or a breakaway military regime, the Dominican Republic would face catastrophe.

At issue is whether or not the will of the people is to be obeyed. Usually, in most of Latin America, the democratic game is adhered to only when it confirms in power those who have been entrenched in it by force. When the continuity of power is threatened by the popular will, the army can be expected to go into action on behalf of the status quo. The uncertainty in the Dominican Republic has already affected the economy. The National Businessmen's Association asserts that commercial and economic activities in the country have declined by 50 percent since the election. The Federation of Businessmen and Retailers, another commercial group, states that the Dominican Republic is experiencing "the worst economic recession in the country's history." Last May Dominican Minister of Tourism Pedro Morales Troncoso was in New York telling potential tourists that "all is normal" in his country and they shouldn't be deterred from visiting there by "press reports."

Many Dominicans are unsure that, even with Guzmán, their country has indeed chosen "the democratic path." Former President Bosch, who heads his own Party of National Liberation, predicts that Guzmán's Presidency will fail to match even the seven months that his own administration lasted in 1963. Observers detect sour grapes, since Bosch, who also ran in the last election, garnered only a few thousand votes. Nevertheless, various sectors in the country seem to agree that they need special help if the nation is to make it through the next few months. In a rare show of unity, Catholic priests and Protestant pastors recently conducted a prayer session on radio and television, requesting "God's intervention in the life of the Dominicans . . . during this hour of crisis."

Meanwhile, the Election Board has been in serious trouble. Manuel Joaquín Castillo, the board's regular president, was suspended for stating that a 30 percent voters' abstention was "normal." The Reformists charged that he couldn't deal objectively with their objections. For unknown reasons, the regular secretary of the board was also set aside. Under the leadership of interim board President Hugo Eduardo Vargas Suberví, the organization rendered its controversial verdict about the contested seats. Joaquín Castillo publicly denied Vargas Suberví's assertion that he thought the decision of the board "opportune."

During the interim Presidency the board showed its true colors by turning to Chile for help with its tangled election. Two Chileans indeed came to Santo Domingo to "study . . . errors in computation" and also to verify whether voters' lists had been "falsified," as the Reformists had charged. The Chilean experts, it is revealed, were recruited by Balaguer's Ambassador in Santiago. The Dominican press, which has been outspoken, severely criticized the use of the Chileans, and it is hard to believe that Chile, the current model of repressive military dictatorship in Latin America, is a likely source for advice on democratization. After a week of work, the experts went home with their task unfinished, making the claim that they were "hounded out" of the country by a "hostile press."

While the Reformists continued to balk at the reality of their defeat, political analysts were discussing the reasons for the opposition's triumph. A series of circumstances contributed to Balaguer's undoing. First, there is President Carter's forceful defense of democratic ideals. Last September when the Dominican Chief of State visited Washington, along with other hemispheric Chief Executives, he was prominently photographed with Carter, who extolled his democratic virtues. When the situation became murky in Santo Domingo on May 17, Guzmán asserted that Carter should remind his Dominican colleague of the pledge made about clean elections. Carter did just that.

Also, the PRD has managed to shed its radical leftist image. Guzmán's background, that of a 67-year-old wealthy rancher, helped, but unwittingly Balaguer himself did more for the PRD. By legalizing the Communist Party last year, the government both downgraded the Communist threat and presented the leftist radicals with a clear choice. Instead of the Communist Party splitting the "leftist" vote with the PRD, as the Balaguer camp had expected, the opposite occurred. The Communists

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

polled only 9,000 votes, but citizens who were looking for an alternative to a corrupt Reformist Party turned to the respectable Left-of-Center PRD, and Balaguer was pushed further to the Right, where he belongs.

The PRD ran strenuously against corruption. A little more than a year ago, *The Wall Street Journal* disclosed that a Philip Morris subsidiary was paying off Dominican officials, including the President, who got $1,000 a month. (Subsequently it was said that the $1,000 was in fact going to the party.) The scandal was such that a Santo Domingo daily termed it "a Dominican Watergate."

Balaguer was also hurt by a declining economy. Until three years ago the Dominican Republic was riding the crest of an economic boomlet, fanned in part by the price of sugar and a sharp rise in gold. (Rosario Resources Corp., a New York firm, operates the second largest open-pit gold mine in the hemisphere.) But raw sugar plummeted from a high of more than 65¢ a pound in 1975 to less than 10¢ at the time of the election. And gold, having hit a high of $197.50 an ounce in 1974, dropped to around $169 an ounce before starting to climb again.

The PRD platform calls for increased "Dominicanization" of industry, making companies like Rosario Resources and Gulf+Western, which produces about 30 percent of Dominican sugar, uneasy. Guzmán's party asserts that contracts involving natural resources will be revised and, more specifically, José Francisco Peña Gomez, secretary general of the party and nicknamed "the architect of the victory," says that G+W's vast unused land holdings may be distributed among the workers. Sensing a nationalistic mood in the country, G+W about a year ago announced formation of a worker-managed company to which it planned to sell about 30,000 of the 264,000 acres it holds over a period of ten years. PRD's distribution plan is far more drastic and immediate.

Before Guzmán can begin to enact his vaguely defined economic and social programs, he will need to gain the confidence of the military. So far, the President-elect has been assuring the top brass that there will be no dismissals, but that's a promise he can hardly keep. During the election all the major military figures, who are supposed to be apolitical, openly supported Balaguer. Moreover, an army headed by generals politically antagonistic to "a Socialist President," can't support him when he begins to enact programs that will adversely affect the military. At times even the support of the United States is no guarantee—in 1963, the military deposed Bosch, who enjoyed President Kennedy's backing.

The task of the PRD government won't be made easier by a hostile Haitian Government next door. Two days after the Dominican election, the Haitian Government staged a nationwide parade of its militia, and on May 22, dubbed "National Sovereignty Day," the Tontons Macoutes were out in force all over Haiti. The word in Port-au-Prince is that the militia should be ready to meet a "Communist threat from the East." Understandably, a freely elected government in the Dominican Republic cannot maintain the kind of cozy relationship that the Balaguer regime has had with the Duvaliers. Indeed, relations between the governments have always been best when both followed more or less identical policies. Therein lies the possibility for an upheaval on either side of the border. □

'ALL GREEKS WERE HEROS'

LOOKING FOR ANESTIS

HERBERT MITGANG

The spoor of World War II lingers around the world, including the Mediterranean's wine-dark, blood-red seas. Not long ago, I decided to go back to Greece. Governments and circumstances had kept me away. Over the wartime and cold-wartime years, the occupying Nazis, the unloved King, a regent and the despised colonels had come and gone. The anti-democratic villainy was widespread: the Greeks themselves, seeking solace in strong men; the British, playing a royal game turning guns on the partisans who had helped to free their own land; the postwar American Governments, using Truman Doctrine billions to keep rightists in Athens; the Soviets, sowing dissension, wrongly guessing that Marxism could overpower nationalism.

Herbert Mitgang is publishing correspondent of The New York Times *and author of a biography of Lincoln,* The Fiery Trial (*Viking Press*).

It was only after the publication of the secret wartime correspondence between Roosevelt and Churchill that I fully learned why—after the exhilaration of seeing freedom come to life before my eyes—the taste of ashes lingered.

Those documents clearly disclosed that Churchill was blackjacking Roosevelt into supporting a royal regime and that, up to a point, Roosevelt was resisting. Communist-led partisans, who had fought the Germans all during the occupation and aided the Allies, had suddenly become Churchill's enemy. Only a few weeks after the Greek partisans had helped to liberate their homeland, Churchill, on December 5, 1944, ordered his British commander "to destroy or neutralize" all Communist forces approaching Athens.

Roosevelt almost said no. In his strongest statement, of December 13, 1944, he told Churchill: "As anxious as I am to be of the greatest help to you in this trying situation, there are limitations imposed in part by the traditional policies of the United States and in part by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mounting adverse reaction of public opinion in this country . . . it has not been possible for this Government to take a stand along with you in the present course of events in Greece."

But events quickly took command in this backwater of war. The partisans were crushed by the British, their resistance dissolved in confusion and despair. In the last few months of his life Roosevelt still had a larger arena of the warring world to command. For Churchill, his "iron curtain" on behalf of monarchy had descended while the larger war in Europe was still on.

It was against this background of newly realized knowledge that I saw Greece again. The colonels—who had been succored with military and economic help by the Nixon-Agnew-Kissinger policy makers—had been convicted as torturers. They had received the open trial denied their victims. But I had an even more personal reason to be in Greece than to smell the air of freedom.

Descending toward Athens, the jetliner followed the natural flight path along the Gulf of Corinth, between the mountains of Attica and the Peloponnesus peninsula. That view was as I had remembered it.

The long waterway had guided us in like a beacon, and the partisans' flares had marked the fringes of the drop zone. The British Red Devils, as the parachutists were called, descended gracefully on that October day in 1944. I can still see the colors of the chutes—reds for medical supplies, blues for arms, deadweights plummeting downward, and the toylike moving men, limbs askew, twisting below their earth-tone green silk chutes and streamers.

When I filed my dispatch and mentioned the significance of each color, a censor cut out the descriptions and made me make it "multi-colored" chutes. At the time, this seemed important enough to complain about in the interests of some higher truth that I have, perhaps regrettably, since learned to restrain. While retreating north, the Germans were still fighting. They were under orders to cause havoc even as they shortened their interior lines closer to a last stand in the Third Reich.

Actually, I was not supposed to be there; at the Allied Force Headquarters in Rome this had been designated as a British show only. But I argued with the British command that, as an American Army correspondent, I had a right to accompany the American troop carrier wing that would transport the Red Devils to the drop zone. The British succumbed, on condition that none of my datelines said that I was anywhere but in the "air" over Greece. I agreed, guessing correctly that once the operation was underway no one would know or care if an American showed up on the ground.

And so the green light was given by the American pilots that day, and the human cargo went down, first laterally, then vertically, through a stiff wind that shivered the dancing warriors in the sky. Some 800 men fell to earth without a casualty. A few sprained ankles were treated by a Greek woman doctor with the waiting partisans. I felt privileged to accompany the parachutists. We learned that, a few nights before, the partisans had disarmed anti-personnel mines planted by the knowing Germans here. Otherwise, impact could have caused deaths. I picked up one of the empty boxes that had contained the hidden mines and read the name of the manufacturer: Krupp.

The partisans greeted us with bear hugs, kisses and scratching beards. Long afterward, I carried the memory of the bandoleers that X'ed across the chests of the partisans who had saved us, pressing in mutual embrace, curiously reassuring. Some of them wore small red stars on their caps; others, red bandannas around their throats. The place where we had landed was about 25 miles west of Athens, a small airfield on a grassy plain, near a little town called Megara.

So, on the day of my return three decades and several wars later, I started out for Megara. Along the highway from Athens, I caught glimpses of the isthmus and the shipyards and oil refineries—the new landfalls. In my pocket was the name of the local newspaper editor, who spoke English, according to the card he had enclosed when I had written ahead. The narrow main street of modest shops was shaded by metal awnings protecting sparse goods. Groups of women and children in heavy

Maynard Owen Williams, National Geographic

woolen clothing walked beneath gaudy billboards for soft drinks and petrol that promised unimaginable pleasures unavailable here. The newspaper editor's office was in a storefront. He was a pleasant man in his middle 30s, eager to accommodate. We chatted about how things were better now that the colonels were no longer in power.

"My dear sir," he said. "I have a crackerjack idea of what you desire. If you wish to meet some of the old partisans, I shall round up a group. Later, I will write a story for an Athens paper." He sent out one of the child runners hovering around 20th of October Street and said, "The lad will fetch the partisans."

I asked him if he had any recollection of that time,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he replied, "No, I was just a boy, but all of us had cousins and uncles who refought the battles for us." One of his runners signaled him. In his tabloid slang acquired from the British newspapers, he said, "Come with me, please, I have a couple of bloody good chaps at the café."

We walked up the sun-striped main street and ordered Greek coffee and heard the usual bitter jokes about not calling it Turkish. Then two men, of gray-haired age, bowed gravely as they joined us. One wore a blue jacket and the other a similar jacket in white. They had shears sticking out of their breast pockets.

"Both barbers and both Communists," the editor explained.

Somehow, the barbers could understand his English translation but not my English. There is a *lingua franca* of foreign translated words among compatriots. "They say that they were Communists then and remain so today —but they want to point out a distinction between the party wings in Greece."

The blue jacket said, "I am a member of the Communists of the Interior." The white jacket said, "I am a member of the regular Communists with a world view. I have not given up the grand hope yet."

They insisted on buying the next round of coffee, more out of courtesy than cordiality. They did not quite believe that an American—in a day and age of intelligence agents all over the Mediterranean—simply wanted to talk of the distant past.

I asked them if they had been around here when the British Red Devils fell from the skies over Megara. They said that they had been with a mobile partisan group not too far away, pursuing the German rear guard. But on many a night they had been on the receiving end of supplies dropped by the "Hurricanes"—the British bombers, and the name they applied to all Allied planes. We avoided talking about Churchill's orders to destroy them or Truman's doctrine to suppress them. The name Roosevelt came up; and he was their President, too.

What, I wondered, had happened to them in the intervening years? Both replied that they had spent a lot of time in jail or in exile. "I have been sent away to half the islands in the Aegean," the white jacket said. "But we're back home now," the blue jacket said. "It is not perfect, but there is a lot more liberty and free elections."

I asked: Whatever became of a partisan named Anestis?

For the first time, they regarded me with genuine trust in their eyes. I had mentioned a sacred name. They talked with animation to the editor. He turned to me and said, "The two gentlemen say that, of course, they knew about Anestis. Everybody heard of his exploits. They do not wish to appear rude, since you have come all this distance, but they want you to hear the truth about Anestis from someone who knew him well."

We shook hands, and they went back to their barbershops. I thought to myself, here were twice as many Communist barbers as I had ever met, but perhaps it said something about the new freedom in Greece.

The editor folded his notebook and then pointed my hired car in the direction of the Megara waterfront. He said that the Communist proprietor of the taverna there, who had only one arm, was a good friend of Anestis.

The Communist proprietor was expected in ten minutes, more or less, after his swim. In the meantime, his son, also a party member, invited me to have a drink at the taverna across the small waterfront plaza: the Royalist-owned taverna. The young Communist and the Royalist were friends who, I observed, needed each other's theoretical arguments to keep conversation and wine flowing. What outside powers never realized was that they were, above all, Greeks.

The editor explained that I was regarded not as a customer but a guest. I politely declined the dishes they produced from the Royalist kitchen. Nevertheless, they insisted that I join them in what they called a taste—lemon soup, a huge platter of cheese, salad, peppers and two bottles of local rosé wine.

"They wish to know if you like your peppers mild or red hot to the tongue," the editor said. I said I'd stick with the mild ones.

"There is one very bitter pepper in this batch," the editor said. It seemed to be some sort of culinary table game.

They watched me nibbling and drinking, filling my plate and glass. I guessed wrong. When I bit into the next pepper, my mouth turned into a flaming furnace. The Communist and the Royalist smacked the table and roared with laughter.

"That's what we call the Kissinger pepper around here," the two friends exclaimed, grinning. "Hard to swallow without getting stuck in your craw." The editor explained that nobody appreciated Secretary of State Kissinger's tilting diplomacy toward Turkey on the Cyprus question.

A moment afterward, the one-armed Communist pulled up on his motorcycle, somehow balancing it gracefully. Along the way, he had heard that I was coming to see him to find out about Anestis. He excused himself and then returned, wearing a dark jacket with a white shirt and tie—the only tie in the plaza. He was a little older than the two barbers, perhaps in his 60th year, and carried himself with an air of command. "Every few years one of the old parachutists turns up here," he said. "It is only natural—we were all together once in those bitter years when we fought the Nazis."

I told him that I had come back to thank a man I had never actually met. I had only heard about the legendary Anestis. I said that we had heard, right after the parachute drop, that there was one man who had risked his own life to save ours. Anestis, they called him, and he had disarmed the Krupp mines so carefully planted in the known landing zone.

The proprietor pointed to his empty sleeve. "In case you are wondering," he said, "it happened when I was pulling out mines on the roadway just outside the place you and the Red Devils landed." I nodded, not knowing quite what to say. "Nobody asked me to do it. I did

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not belong to any political group then. All Greeks were heroes during the occupation."

He brushed aside my mumbled words of appreciation.

"Only remember this," he said. "Anestis was the biggest hero of all to come out of this whole region." I asked what had become of him. But he had to tell it his own way, the Homeric way, almost as a song across the water.

"Anestis was the best of us, the most foolhardy of the saboteurs. No one knew his second name. But we knew that he had come to Megara as a small boy, after 1922. He was one of the Greek refugees from Asia Minor who had been allowed to return in an exchange of population. He had no parents and no family. He lived moving from room to room, doing odd jobs, always friendly and without ambition, and certainly without glory."

He touched his pocketed limp sleeve. "Anestis also had a missing arm. He blew it off while fishing with dynamite out here in the gulf. It was illegal, but that was the custom for fishermen, saving a lot of time. When the war came, he did not have to serve. To the Germans, he seemed like an invalid. To tell the truth, he was not very impressive-looking. Ordinary, you might say. There was one thing about him that the Germans did not know —and we ourselves did not know it at the beginning of the war. He had a feeling about his neighbors that must have run very deep. We were his only family.

"Most of the time he worked as an ordinary house servant, for his keep, so he got to know more people around here than anyone else. He saw some die, some tortured, and some disappear on the trains to Germany. When we organized the partisans, he was the first one to undertake dangerous missions. If you gave Anestis a map showing where mines were planted, he would crawl along the ground and pick them out with a knife in the middle of the night.

"The Germans got wise to our tricks. They knew that the fires in their storehouses and the trains that were derailed were not just accidents. They put a price on the head of Anestis. By now he had become a legend. He even got credit for things he did not do. But nobody would betray him. Finally, the enemy headquarters for this region demanded hostages after one of their trucks ran off the road and killed many of their soldiers. They must have known the steering mechanism had been sabotaged. In retaliation, they began to execute people taken in roundups.

"One of Anestis's fellow party members—by then, Anestis was one of us—was tortured in a very bad way. While half-dead, he revealed where Anestis was in hiding. This was in a house up north from here. He was on another assignment after clearing the mines where you landed. They discovered him. First they beat him up and bound him. With the flies crawling over his bleeding wounds, they strung him up in the main public square for everybody to witness. Then they poured gasoline over his body. Joking, one of them lit him with a match, like you would light a cigarette. Anestis was turned into a human torch."

We looked at each other intently. I said I was sorry; I couldn't even put a few flowers near a headstone. The proprietor said he was sorry, too, because I had come all this way for nothing.

But it wasn't for nothing. I had learned a little more about these Mediterranean people and those betrayed times: first by the Germans, then by the Allies.

The fishermen's boats began to pull into the dock at twilight. On the road back to Athens, I asked the editor to show me the way past the Megara drop zone. It looked like nothing but a grassy plain, holding no historic secrets. Some boys kicked a soccer ball, and a few sheep grazed. The winds had died down. □

ANGOLA STILL OFF LIMITS

Reaffirming the Clark Amendment

SEN. DICK CLARK

Although little has changed within Angola since Congress cut off funds for U.S. military involvement in that country two and a half years ago, a great deal has happened in Africa and in this country since then. The Cuban military presence in Africa has spread, although no stable strategic strongholds have been achieved. Nevertheless, the mood of America has changed, with public opinion becoming more suspicious of possible Soviet advances. In the search for responses, the idea has been revived that the United States might reconsider a military role in Angola, raising the risk of our getting involved, once again, in a local conflict in a distant country of no intrinsic strategic value to the United States.

As the President himself stated in his May 4th press conference, the so-called Clark Amendment prohibits this course of action. In view of the considerable confusion and misrepresentation that have arisen over this legislation, and the amount of controversy that has recently surrounded the issue, it is useful to set the record straight about what the Clark Amendment is and does.

It goes beyond the so-called Tunney Amendment, contained in Title IV of the Department of Defense Appropriation Act of 1976. The latter states that funds from a particular account in the Military Procurement Act cannot be used in activities involving Angola. My amendment prohibits any kind of American military involvement in Angola without Congressional approval.

Sen. Dick Clark (D., Iowa) is chairman of the Subcommittee on African Affairs, Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

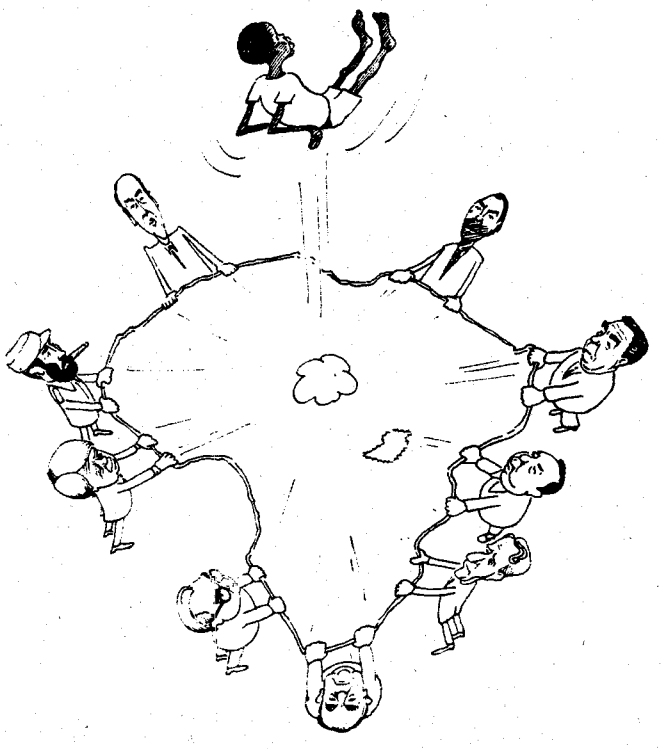
ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The key passage of the Clark Amendment—Section 404 of the International Security Assistance and Arms Export Control Act of 1976—is Subsection (*a*) which reads as follows:

> Notwithstanding any other provision of law, no assistance of any kind may be provided for the purpose, or which would have the effect, of promoting or augmenting, directly or indirectly, the capacity of any nation, group, organization, movement, or individual to conduct military or paramilitary operations in Angola unless and until the Congress expressly authorizes such assistance by law enacted after the date of enactment of this section.

There are a number of points to note about this law. First, it applies only to a single country—Angola. It in



Joke, De Nieuwe Gazet (Antwerp)

no way restricts the President's authority elsewhere in Africa, including Zaire where, it was falsely asserted, the Clark Amendment tied the President's hands during the recent crisis in Shaba. Second, the law bans military or paramilitary "assistance of any kind" in Angola, including third-country arms transfers and covert operations. Actions of that sort, sometimes described as "limited" actions, could start us down the long road of another Vietnam. Third, in an attempt to maintain America's neutrality in the internal struggle for power, the legislation denies assistance to government and nongovernment forces alike.

The final point is one few people note: the Clark Amendment does *not* prohibit military assistance under any circumstances. It says that, if the administration wants to provide military assistance to Angola, it must do so openly, with full Congressional authorization.

The second part of the amendment, Subsection (*b*), spells out the procedure to be followed in the event the administration considers such action to be in the national interest, and Subsections (*c*) and (*d*) make further clarifications. They read as follows:

> Subsection (*b*): If the President determines that assistance prohibited by Subsection (*a*) should be furnished in the national security interests of the United States, he shall submit to the Speaker of the House of Representatives and the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate a report containing:
>
> (*1*) A description of the amounts and categories of assistance which he recommends to be authorized and the identity of the proposed recipients of such assistance; and
>
> (*2*) A certification that he has determined that the furnishing of such assistance is important to the national security interests of the United States and a detailed statement in unclassified form, of the reasons supporting such determination.
>
> Subsection (*c*): The prohibition contained in Subsection (*a*) does not apply with respect to assistance which is furnished solely for humanitarian purposes.
>
> Subsection (*d*): The provisions of this section may not be waived under any other provision of law.

In brief, then, the Clark Amendment says that no American involvement in the Angolan civil war is permissible without Congressional approval. It prevents the United States from getting embroiled in a secret war, one concealed from the American public. In addition, the Clark Amendment may not be waived under any other provision of law. Repeal of the Tunney Amendment, for example, would in no way affect the Clark Amendment.

Given the climate of Soviet-American relations, there is even more justification for the rigid enforcement of this law today than there was when it was enacted. As we know from our recent experience in Vietnam, small-scale assistance in an ongoing internal conflict can lead to a quagmire from which we cannot escape. Unless we are prepared to become as deeply involved as they are, Soviet and Cuban troops will not likely be displaced in Angola by direct or indirect U.S. military assistance.

Nor is such assistance apt to end the continuing conflict there. Over the past three years, 20,000 Cuban troops and massive Soviet assistance have not succeeded in suppressing local rebellions and achieving a stable military situation. To the contrary, a stalemate appears to have been achieved, with the prospect of a long-drawn-out conflict that will spill over, as it already has in the case of Zaire, into wider regional hostilities.

On what possible grounds, then, can we justify the revival of the idea that somehow we might influence the situation in Angola through military means? Would the objective be to overthrow Neto who, from all recent indications, seeks to diminish his dependence on Cuban and Soviet support and achieve a peaceful settlement of the Namibia conflict in order to remove the threat of South African troops on his own border? Would the goal of U.S. involvement be to tie down the Cubans so that they could not intervene elsewhere in Africa? Have serious estimates of actual Cuban capabilities been made in specific countries, for example Rhodesia, where intervention is likely? Or would the offer of arms to Angolan insurgents be seen as a gesture to demonstrate a Western

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show of force, however limited, to deter further adventures in Africa by Moscow and Havana? Would this gesture be a credible and effective signal to send?

These are some of the unanswered questions raised by the controversy that has surrounded the Clark Amendment in recent weeks—questions which were not sufficiently answered in 1975 before the decision was made to intervene.

Obviously, I share the concern of others about further Cuban involvement in Africa. But we should be careful to recognize that a hasty and inappropriate response could produce the opposite result of what was originally intended. The covert operations of the CIA in Angola three years ago served, in part, to step up Cuban assistance to the MPLA, not to reduce it. Moreover, it committed us to a course of action that eliminated alternative policy options and, most importantly, escalated a remote local conflict into an international confrontation between the superpowers. As *The Washington Post* commented in an editorial on July 4: "It should not have to be demonstrated after Vietnam that guerrilla wars cannot be turned off or on in foreign capitals."

Many of us fail to learn from history, even when the experience is still fresh in our memories. Prof. John Marcum criticized the folly of previous U.S. intervention in Angola in his definitive article in *Foreign Affairs* (April 1976) entitled "Lessons of Angola." He wrote:

> To insist upon defining the Angolan issue in global terms to the exclusion of local and regional terms . . . was to exclude the most plausible means of remedying the conditions which had attracted foreign intervention in the first place. And to insist that the only "chips" were military chips was to play from the weakest suit in the American hand. The accompanying notion that one should not communicate intentions and concerns but should allow free rein for others to miscalculate and take reckless risk defies any definition of sensible diplomacy. It betrays an obsessional, self-defeating preoccupation with superpower global antics reminiscent of the grimmest days of the cold war.

Marcum noted that it was only months after the CIA initiated its covert action that the United States expressed readiness to "use our influence to bring about the cessation of foreign military assistance (including Cuban and South African) and to encourage an African solution if they would do the same." Never did the Ford administration call in OAU ambassadors or approach key African leaders to foster collective African initiatives with full U.S. support.

The mistake was also emphasized by John Stockwell, chief of the CIA Angola Task Force that was given responsibility for running America's military operation in that war. Stockwell described his disillusionment in a recent book, *In Search of Enemies,* and summarized his conclusions in a letter to Adm. Stansfield Turner published in *The Washington Post* on April 10, 1977.

"From a chess player's point of view, the intervention was a blunder . . .," he commented. In the end, "the CIA committed $31 million to opposing the MPLA victory. But six months later the MPLA had nevertheless . . . won, and 15,000 Cuban regular army troops were entrenched in Angola. . . . At the same time the United States was solidly discredited, having been exposed for covert military intervention in African affairs, having allied itself with South Africa, and having lost."

In my judgment, the lessons of Angola in 1975 are still valid in 1978. Therefore, when I was approached last May by some National Security Council and CIA officials who, in different ways, raised the idea of possibly reviving American military participation in Africa, I told them I was opposed to the idea and that it was my understanding that the amendment which I wrote would make such action illegal in Angola. I learned that CIA lawyers concurred with my interpretation. Subsequently, assurance was provided by the President, in his Chicago press conference on May 25, when he stated that he had no intention of seeking repeal of the Clark Amendment, and had "no intention of getting involved in any conflict in Angola at all." Whatever initiatives had been made, therefore, seemed at that point to have been put to rest.

In the meantime, however, the American public and international capitals were puzzled by contradictory policy statements and actions by the administration. The May 13th Shaba crisis in Zaire was linked to the larger issue of Cuban culpability in the attack, a charge that seems plausible but, in my judgment, remains unverified. Furthermore, the President complained about legislative restrictions that prevented him from acting in times of emergency. Indeed, at the outset of the crisis, my amendment—which deals only with Angola—was cited by top administration officials as the chief stumbling block preventing the United States, first, from responding to an African military crisis involving the safety of American nationals; and, second, from confronting the overall problem of the Cuban presence in Africa as a whole.

A report on legislative restrictions regarding assistance to Africa, prepared by the staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, concluded to the contrary, that "during the recent crisis in Zaire, the President possessed the authority under existing law to take far more extensive action, had he so desired." The committee report also stated that "Applicable statutory restrictions on military involvement have presented no obstacle to the achievement of publicly announced U.S. objectives in Africa."

Perhaps there are legitimate causes for concern about the President's foreign policy authority. Unnecessary restrictions do exist in the area of foreign economic assistance, with commodity- and country-specific restrictions that the President also cited in his May 25th press conference. But this was not the original complaint by the President when he said his hands were tied in responding to the Cubans or to the crisis in Zaire.

Ironically, within a period of but seven weeks, we seem to have come full circle in our policy toward Angola. Rather than supply arms to Angolan insurgents, the administration has wisely adopted a posture of talking with the government of Angola. The June mission of Ambassador Donald McHenry to Angola was not designed to establish diplomatic relations with Luanda, although that may be possible some day. Rather, the mission was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aimed at achieving some degree of understanding with that government on two potentially explosive issues: (*1*) the Angola-Zaire dispute; and (*2*) the independence of Namibia. Whether we like it or not, the cooperation of the government of Angola is a precondition for any stable solution of these problems. If we do not want a Shaba III, if we do not want an escalation of the guerrilla war in Namibia, we must deal directly with the Angolan Government.

The McHenry mission has already produced some significant results. Returning Katangans are being disarmed and their refugee camps are being moved further from the Zaire border. The Angolan Government is entering into a cooperation agreement with Portugal, possibly opening up the opportunity for Portuguese to return to Angola to help rebuild the economy and reduce that country's dependence on the Cubans.

This diplomatic initiative should not now be endangered. It is in the interests of both Angola and the United States to pursue solutions to these issues, and to pursue improved bilateral relations as well. For Angola, it might mean a reduction of security threats to its borders and increased overseas technical assistance. For the United States, it might mean a reduction of Eastern bloc influence in southern Africa.

There is, therefore, no manifest reason to lift any Congressional restriction on military assistance in Angola. On the contrary, lifting such restrictions at this time could send the wrong signal to African leaders, raising the specter of great-power intervention in their affairs. Should the President, at any time in the future, determine that such action is in the national security interests of the United States, then he may propose this action openly —in full view of the American people—by asking Congress for authorization, as provided for in the law.

Until then, it would make far greater sense to play a diplomatic and economic role in southern Africa, rather than a military one. This is the policy, I am convinced, that most Americans would prefer. It is also the policy, I am certain, that most Africans would endorse. □

UNITED NATIONS SYMBOLISM

DISARMAMENT PAPERHANGERS

PAMELA CONSTABLE

For six weeks in May and June, while headlines sounded alarms on Soviet "adventurism" in Africa and politicians dusted off the rhetoric of the cold war, delegates from 149 countries labored quietly at the United Nations to find some common approach to world disarmament. No one expected the world's defense establishments to begin the immediate dismantlement of their ICBMs or tanks as a result, and the unwieldly democratic structure of such United Nations conferences precluded anything from emerging but a symbolic gesture of common desire. Yet even that modest achievement seemed overshadowed from the outset by the ominous course of outside political events.

First there was the ironic simultaneous timing of a NATO summit convened to bolster European defenses against an alleged Warsaw Pact military buildup. President Carter apparently felt that his commitment to his European allies (as well as to the SALT talks, by some twisted logic) would seem more convincing if he dropped his intention to address the disarmament conference. Some European delegates to the U.N. gathering, pleased to be able to kill two birds with one stone, even took time off from their disarmament deliberations to jet to Washington and discuss ways of beefing up their weapons systems against the so-called Soviet acceleration.

The session's potential for even a symbolic effect was further swallowed in the concurrent escalation of tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union, initially over the issue of Cuban/Soviet military involvement in Africa. It became increasingly evident that such administration hard-liners as Zbigniew Brzezinski had won the President's ear over more moderate spokesmen for the State Department, and after Carter's June 7th get-tough-with-Moscow speech at Annapolis, the future of détente itself seemed in jeopardy. By the end of June, the American public had been whipped into a passion over the trials of two Soviet dissidents, and the U.N. session quietly faded away.

The abysmal press coverage of the conference also stemmed from a general (and not unmerited) disparagement of the U.N. as an ineffectual body, as well as from the intrinsically complex and therefore undramatic nature of disarmament as a news topic. Despite its star lineup of foreign dignitaries and American delegates, the largest world disarmament conference in history never made page one of *The New York Times*, or merited even a short feature in *Time* or *Newsweek*. (By contrast, *The Nation* published a Disarmament Issue—that of May 27 —to coincide with the opening of the U.N. Disarmament Session.) By ignoring this opportunity to acquaint an ignorant public with some of the more shocking facts of the world arms race and the thorny dilemmas of world disarmament, the press undoubtedly helped to fulfill its prophecy that the conference would amount to little more than an exercise in diplomatic futility.

The blue-ribbon panel of establishment liberals ap-

Pamela Constable covered the U.N. Special Session on Disarmament for the daily, U.N.-based Disarmament Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pointed by the White House to represent the United States at the session came away from the conference profoundly, and negatively, affected. Although some members would not say so publicly, all were dismayed by Carter's decision not to address the session, and there was much grumbling that he had thus reneged on his earlier promises of commitment to stopping the arms race. In fact, his strategic blunder may have done more to alienate some of his staunchest supporters than it did to mollify some of his conservative Congressional critics whose support he desperately needs to achieve ratification for a SALT II treaty.

Actor Paul Newman, named to the delegation to glamorize the issue of disarmament, appeared increasingly angry at the power, as he put it, of the "military-industrial complex to dictate policy more than the 75 percent of American people who favor détente." At a seminar during the session, George McGovern specifically assailed Brzezinski's "alarmism," and another delegation member privately worried about Brzezinski's influence on Carter, analogizing that "if you had breakfast with an FBI agent every morning, you'd begin to look for bugs under the sofa too." Averell Harriman, during a press conference on the last day of the session, defended Carter's criticism of Soviet activities in Africa but delivered his customary stern lecture against "paranoid" policy makers who have historically thwarted and continue to hinder the cause of world peace. And Harold Willens, a wealthy California manufacturer and former staunch Carter supporter, told *U.S. News & World Report* that Carter had seriously undermined the session and that he felt personally "betrayed by the White House."

The growing tensions in international relations managed to filter into the dreamy world of the U.N. Vice President Mondale used his opening turn at the podium to deliver a sharp attack on the "Soviet threat," setting a negative rhetorical tone which even the more restrained words of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and the decidedly uplifting speech of French President Giscard d'Estaing could not counter. The Chinese Minister harangued at length against Soviet and American "imperialism" and warmongering. The Cuban Vice President denounced as "lies" Carter's accusations of Cuban military involvement in Zaire. India's Morarji Desai attacked the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty as "patently discriminatory." British Prime Minister James Callaghan and numerous African delegates to the conference expressed deep concern that Africa was becoming a pawn in the resurging cold war.

Determined to ignore the rhetorical mud slinging, and apparently impervious to the air of distinct unreality this lent to their deliberations, the disarmament delegates plodded resolutely on, working to thin out the forest of brackets with which various groups had enclosed every controversial point in the rough draft of the proposed final agreement. As country after country retrenched behind traditional, self-interested positions the task seemed almost hopeless. The United States and Russia pushed for a general endorsement of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty; the emerging nuclear powers balked for fear of being left behind in the nuclear arms race. Third World nations pressed the Americans and the Soviets for a pledge not to use nuclear weapons at all; these two superpowers hedged at giving up their edge over potential enemy advantages in conventional arms. And the Iraqis threatened to bog down the entire conference by pushing for a resolution against all arms sales to Israel.

As the session slogged into its final hours, its leaders worked tirelessly to paper over such basic differences and produce a document of at least symbolic consensus. Toward that chimerical end, almost every substantive point in the document had to be severely watered down or reserved for future study, including France's proposal for an international satellite monitoring system and Canada's idea for a ban on all nuclear test flights. In the end, what emerged from hundreds of hours of exhaustive make-work and behind-the-scenes compromises was a 10,000-word piece of puffery—free of brackets but also of teeth—which called not for specific disarmament measures according to a firm timetable but for more study and the "vigorous pursuit" of various disarmament proposals.

Of course, more sanguine observers pointed to the fact that for 149 nations to agree on anything was a historic and valuable achievement in itself. And at least one significant breakthrough came out of the session: an agreement to reconstruct and expand the U.N.'s Geneva-based disarmament negotiating body. The controversial U.S./USSR co-chairmanship was eliminated in an attempt to draw France and China into substantive arms negotiations, from which they have thus far remained aloof. Although both countries avoided making any specific promises, it seemed that this improvement might indeed encourage their apparently increasing disposition to inch away from their traditional policy of isolation and toward serious discussion of this crucial international topic.

After six weeks of diligent effort (not to mention the months of preparation by U.N. delegate subcommittees), this seemed a small triumph. In fact, the only signs of genuine excitement and hope generated by the session came from a totally separate, unofficial source—the loose alliance of former anti-war organizers, international pacifists and young anti-nuclear power groups called the Mobilization for Survival. Marshaling an impressive array of "little people" to protest the nuclear arms race and spur the U.N. to more effective action, the Mobilization held a boisterous rally of 15,000 near the U.N., met with U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young and later staged a dignified sit-in outside the U.S. Mission, during which 381 good-natured demonstrators were systematically arrested. The rally may not have heralded the birth of a movement as fiery and significant as the anti-war and civil rights campaigns of the 1960s, but at least it was tangible proof that, despite the yawns of the press corps and the increasingly itchy trigger fingers of some American policy makers, a growing group of citizens are coming to recognize the shadow of nuclear holocaust as a very real threat. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

managed enterprises function with courage and creativity in the face of incredible obstacles.

William M. Dyal, Jr., President
Inter-American Foundation

Washington, D.C.
The Inter-American Foundation's 1978 Annual Report clearly states that worker self-management experiments in Chile began before Allende took office, that they suffered from neglect during his administration and "Following the overthrow of Allende in 1973, the self-management movement in Chile has experienced a period of growth with the sale to workers groups of firms formerly owned by the government." Mr. Dyal should explain, but does not, how, given the nature of both Allende's government and that of the current military dictatorship, he defines "worker self-management." *David Morris*

the thorns of free speech

Pacific Groves, Calif.
I have just read Carl Cohen's "The Case Against Group Libel" [*The Nation*, June 24] and find it brilliantly reasoned, utterly convincing, and a perfect exposition of my own feelings, expressed as I could not express them. It is the definitive discussion on the matter, and, with minor reservations, on the whole thorny free speech controversy. I get damned tired of silly liberals who seem to think one can bar "bad" opinions and not endanger all free speech. It's not the YMCA or Boy Scouts who need protection, but ever and always the people we hate and fear. Cast them out, and another majority might well do the same to us some day. To me it seems clear and obvious. *Arthur Porges*

on Storrow, pro & con

Baltimore, Md.
I must heartily applaud ex-*Nation* publisher James J. Storrow jr. [letter, *The Nation*, July 22-29] for taking Ramsey Clark to task for his narrow opinion of the *Bakke* decision.

Mr. Storrow shows himself to be a thinking man, much in *The Nation* tradition. I, too, admire and respect Mr. Clark but his comments in this instance are woefully a variety of knee-jerk liberalism. . . . *Thomas F. Gorman*

Forest Hills, N.Y.
I am astonished to learn from Mr. Storrow that he equates the quota reserved for minority admissions at Davis with "practices we condemn in South Africa."

Is there not a world of difference between a knife used by a murderer to kill and a knife used by a surgeon to cure? . . .

Mr. Storrow raises another specter, that of the black graduates coming from a preferential admission system as being considered "second class doctors." This bugaboo is being deliberately fostered and promoted by enemies of equality. . . . *James H. Durkin*

ERA in Virginia

Arlington, Va.
Jane O'Reilly's commendable "The Bogus Fear of ERA" [*The Nation*, July 8-15] contains one minor error. She states: "Virginia . . . is also one of two states . . . which have never allowed the federal ERA to emerge from committee."

This was indeed the case until early 1977, but on Jan. 24 of that year the state Senate voted 21 to 17 for a motion to discharge its Privileges and Elections Committee from further consideration of the amendment. A full majority vote in each house of the legislature is required for ratification in the Commonwealth, and since twenty-one was just the number needed in the forty-member Senate, proponents were ecstatic. The pro-ERA drive collapsed, however, when a GOP Senator who was also a candidate for lieutenant governor switched sides. . . . Mississippi, however, remains the only state that has never permitted ERA to come to the floor of either house. *E. Scott Royce*

fears & expectations

New York City
"Congress," writes Jane O'Reilly, "has always had the right to draft women. . . ." However, what troubles even some supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment is that the ERA would presumably require Congress to draft women as well as men if the draft is ever resumed.

ERA opponents, according to O'Reilly, are "protecting the free enterprise system as they enjoy it, based on an enormous unpaid or low-paid labor force." The ERA, she claims, would mean "a massive redistribution of the wealth," presumably through higher pay for women and by requiring that wages be paid for housework and child care. O'Reilly's expectations are as unrealistic as her opponents' fears. *Malcolm J. Sherman*

neutered felicity

Fresno, Calif.
Re my letter on *The Nation*'s use of the word "man" and the editors' reply [July 1]:

Yes, but may I suggest:

(*1*) Webster's arbiters of the English language are probably mostly men.

(*2*) Usage is dictated not only by past convention but by current sensibilities. My old Webster (c. 1959) has "black" in its current accepted usage as black person, but gives "Negro" as the preferred word. . . .

(*3*) There are lots of felicitous substitutes. In different contexts, "humanity," "humankind," "people," "persons." . . . *Elizabeth M. Fox, Ph.D.*

Chicago, Ill.
Congratulations from a feminist who knows what's important for not letting yourselves be bullied out of correct usage of the word "man." With all these pressure groups demanding distortions of the English language (like "gay"), our whole literature is in danger of being unintelligible to future generations. I'm as loyal to my sex as any of these nitpickers, but I'm loyal to the English language, too. . . . *Helen Bugbee*

nuclear witnesses

The Peace Education Project in Hawaii has asked us to help find expert witnesses who would testify next November in a court case that will seek to block the establishment of a Navy nuclear weapons storage facility at West Loch, Pearl Harbor. Witnesses would testify on the medical effects of a nuclear weapons accident and the potential danger that such an accident might occur. The address is Peace Education Project, 1918 University Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822. Attention James V. Albertini, Coordinator. *—The Editors*

correction

In Noam Chomsky's review of several books [*The Nation*, July 22-29], the publisher of *Isreal: Utopia Incorporated* was incorrectly listed as Carrier Pigeon. It is published by Zed Press and distributed by Monthly Review Press.

Rosenberg Break

The material made available under the Freedom of Information Act and used by Athan Theoharis in "A Break in the Rosenberg Case" [*The Nation*, July 1] has been published as a pamphlet—"Greetings from Julius: The FBI Makes a Lie"—by the Fund for Open Information and Accountability, Inc. It can be obtained from FOIA's New York office, 36 W. 44 St., New York 10036. The price is 50¢.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Part Dada and Part Buster Keaton

SELECTED POEMS. *By Witter Bynner. Edited, and with a critical introduction by Richard Wilbur. Biographical introduction by James Kraft. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 254 pp. $20.*

LIGHT VERSE AND SATIRES. *By Witter Bynner. Edited and with a critical introduction by William Jay Smith. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 301 pp. $20.*

BEN SONNENBERG

Pay attention to this story. It was new to me.

> . . . They had been friends from the early twenties, and at one point Frost agreed to write the introduction to a volume of Bynner's verse. But as Frost won acceptance and became the beloved poet of the American people, Bynner began to resent the fact that Frost had succeeded where he had not. No role as a poet would have pleased Bynner more than the national one that Frost was now assuming. When in 1935 Frost came to Santa Fe to speak, Bynner was to introduce him, but arrived late; Frost had already begun. The next day Frost was taken to see one of the pueblos and arrived late at Bynner's for lunch. They discussed a book of poems by Horatio Colony that Bynner liked but Frost found "bestial." Without any apparent provocation, Bynner poured his glass of beer on Frost's head. After a stunned moment, the incident was passed off—at least Frost said nothing and Bynner did nothing more. Later Bynner wrote an apology; in it he turned the incident into a kind of joke, but one that he said had misfired. . . .
>
> Many years later Bynner was at the Hanover Inn in New Hampshire and saw Frost in the dining room. He went over to him and said, "Robert, do you remember me? I apologize for pouring that beer on you." Frost looked at him in silence for a brief moment, as if, Bynner felt, taking his measure, and then recited two of Bynner's poems . . .

Now, for Bynner's rage there was ample cause in 1935. Bynner's reputation had peaked more than a decade before; his friend was avid at being sublimed into a Great Man. Bynner was famous as "Emanuel Morgan," co-author of a parody of the Imagism fad; Frost was famous as Robert Frost. Even to readers of serious verse, Bynner was chiefly a translator of T'ang period Chinese; yet Bynner had published poems of the land which, if not so good as the best in *Mountain Interval,* may still be compared with much of Frost; and one poem, "D.H. Lawrence" (in Wilbur's selection), of a type of urbane penetration never attempted by Frost with success. Frost kept winning the Pulitzer Prize.

Still, the anecdote, told by James Kraft in his biographical introduction to Witter Bynner's *Selected Poems,* while resonant with envy, pathos and matchless revenge, is even richer in clues to how Bynner's work is distinctive. It has to do with the quality of "a kind of joke" that "misfires." Part Dada and part Buster Keaton, the quality on the one hand of outrage and, on the other, of unremitting aestheticism is present in much of Bynner's work. It dominates his masterpiece, *Cake,* a play where the world is such a joke.

Of course America, then as now, was often seen that way: then by Duchamp, now by us all. Dada was always essential to "reading" America. Bynner was still more Dada than most other American poets; his peers are the silent comics, the artists George Herrimann, Man Ray and Morton R. Schamberg, and Gertrude Stein. Especially surrealist are Bynner's astonishing juxtapositions, haunted furniture, scary numinosities. Two examples (both in *Light Verse and Satires*):

(1) He never knew what was the matter with him
Until one night
He chopped up his bed for firewood

It was comfortable that way

And then another night a year later
It came roaring up the street at him
As a sunset

(2) Because her hand hung over the edge of the bed
It was bitten by something like a fish
With an undershot shiny jaw
And with a welcome smile
Which would not have been there otherwise

Bynner is in the same relationship to doctrinaire surrealism, as advanced by Tzara, *et alia* as, for instance Stuart Davis to synthetic cubism. That is: recalcitrant, cheeky, instinctive, innocent and punning, wanting very much to make you laugh but acting not overcaring: characteristics of makers of practical jokes, sometimes rationalized as wit:

Cutting her skirts too short, her swathe too wide,
Coupons too often, capers now and then. . . .

More often as parody, as in the *Spectra* poems (included in their entirety in *Light Verse and Satires*), which the following a little resembles (also from *Light Verse*):

"A Great Man"
Passion transforms me from my puny build . . .
Your bosom listens to me like a crowded balcony
To a great man speaking.

When qualities such as these are not present, Bynner's work is apt to be weak. In their absence Bynner typically strikes one of three notes: the Whitmanesque, the Far Eastern-Emersonesque, or the Crabbe-Browning-Robinsonesque.

Of the first, the less said the better.

Of the second, it's really a question of taste, of a liking for overall blandness and self-satisfied naiveté. Bynner did it better than most; he did it extremely well. There are more persuasive examples than this for vapid felicity. I quote it (from *Selected Poems*) because Richard Wilbur and William Jay Smith both praise it in their critical introductions; to me it is a slight poem spoiled by Japanesquery.

"In Kamakura"
In Kamakura, near the great Diabutsu
When I had sat a long time on the ground
And been gathered up, forgetful of my face and form,
Into the face and form of endless dream,
I found among the booths a little pendant Buddha
With the steel of a round mirror for His halo . . .

So that a brooding head still intervenes in bronze
Between my face and the image of my face,
And I cannot see myself and not see Him.

Of the third, a good example is this (in *Selected Poems*):

"Hostess"
Four winds there may be; but of all the four
None penetrates completely through the curtain

Ben Sonnenberg is the author of Jane Street *and other plays.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That's drawn nocturnally across her door
To make her status weather-proof and certain.
She holds her cards at bridge, a steady hand;
She keeps a servant often in the offing
To answer a conventional demand.
She has at times a proper touch of coughing,
Her forehead concentrates with troubled laughter
Over a quip that isn't quite au fait;
But if there's any criticism after
From prudish guests, it wasn't she but they
Who noticed, so she tells them on the path,
And then she memorizes in the bath.

The third note is the most robust. Social psychology, as with Robinson, was a very fruitful vein, particularly with Bynner the psychology of getting or not getting married. It brings Bynner close to the "plain" English poem which, had it not been for his irrepressible surrealising, I like to think would have become his ideal, owing to the strengthening influence of Robinson. That Bynner would certainly always have been of lesser intensity goes without saying; though "Expatriates" (too long to quote; in Smith's selection) makes one think again. "Expatriates" is the best example of what Bynner could do when not being democratic, oriental or surreal.

Robinson had a sane effect on Bynner. Nevertheless, it is the *in*-sane that makes Bynner original. Bynner's best poems often combine sane, insane and sheerly funny more or less in equal strengths. His very best, included in both Wilbur's *Selected Poems* and Smith's *Light Verse*, is "Episode of Decay."

Being very religious, she devoted most of her time to fear,
Under her calm visage, terror held her,
Terror of water, of air, of earth, of thought,
Terror lest she be disturbed in her routine of eating her husband.
She fattened on his decay, but she would let him decay without pain.
And still she would ask, as she consumed him particle by particle,
Do you wish me to take it, dear? Will it make you happier?
And down the plump throat he went day after day in tid-bits;
And he mistook the drain for happiness,
Could hardly live without the deadly nibbling . . .
She had eaten away the core of him under the shell,
Eaten his heart and drunk away his breath;
Till on Saturday, the seventeenth of April,
She made her breakfast on an edge of his mind.
He was very quiet that day, without knowing why.
A last valiant cell of his mind may have been insisting that the fault was not hers but his;
But soon he resumed a numbness of content:
The little cell may have been thinking that one dies sooner or later
And that one's death may as well be useful . . .
For supper he offered her tea and cake from behind his left ear;
And after supper they took together the walk they always took together after supper.

Cake is crazier still. Smith quotes from Bynner's interesting *Journey with Genius* (his trip to Mexico with D.H. and Frieda Lawrence, itself deserving an essay): "In 1926 I had published a play called *Cake*, some aspects of which were said to be a satire on Mabel [Dodge] Luhan. The slant was sportive but not, I thought, malicious and, since I had visited several times at her house in Taos, I inscribed a copy I sent her: 'Cast your bread upon Witter and it shall return to you as cake.' I have heard that she was not amused."

No wonder. Essentially the story of The Rich Girl in Her Search for God, *Cake* invites ridicule of the notion of luxurious salvation. Its malice is stunning. Still, as Lawrence wrote Bynner, "It's not particularly 'Mabel'—rather a type than a specific person." And what an American type! (By the way, Smith ably discusses *Cake* with reference to Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes,"—published shortly after—vaudeville, jazz, and *Noh*. Surely reference should also be made to those anti-*Noh* entertainments called *Kyogen*, as well as to Cummings's *Him*, published shortly after, too? And here again the missing term is Dada, it seems to me. It is edifying to hear from Smith that *Cake* "reads like an amalgam of Noel Coward, Cole Porter, Ionesco, with echos of Oscar Wilde." But it reads still more like Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes's pre-Dada Dada play, *L'Empereur de Chine* which Bynner could well have known.) Zany, witty, and full of vitality, *Cake* is a wonderful play, all shiny surface and sucking depth. Why is it never done? Numberless revivals of the anodyne *Skin of Our Teeth*, and not *one* razzle-dazzle production of *Cake!* Someone must do it soon.

Cake is included in volume II, *Light Verse and Satires*, of the works of Witter Bynner. *Selected Poems* is volume I. They are soon to be followed by *The Chinese Translations, Prose Pieces* and *Letters*, five handsome volumes in all, making a uniform edition of a kind you don't often see, under the general editorship of Dr. Kraft. Very well edited, well introduced—really superbly edited and charmingly introduced—and "published with the aid of a grant from The Witter Bynner Foundation for Poetry," this set is in the tradition where poets are objects of piety more than subjects of scholarship. Fifty years ago they were common. Kipling, Bridges, Hardy. . . . Excessive? I thought so too. Where are the Adelaide Crapsey and T. Sturge Moore Poetry Foundations? Where are uniform editions of Susannah Centlivre, Katherine Philips, Thomas Lovell Beddoes? Where is even a decent selection of poems by Christina Rossetti?

Reading these books changed my mind. No, they are not too much. Bynner deserves to be looked at, and looked at again and again; specifically from the perspective of native American contributions to sophisticated movements of importance in world art; more importantly as the author of *Cake* and "Episode of Decay." Also because of his crackpot career: with its implications for the work of Stevens, Williams, Cummings, Frost, and for the Modern Movement antithetically. Also because of his life.

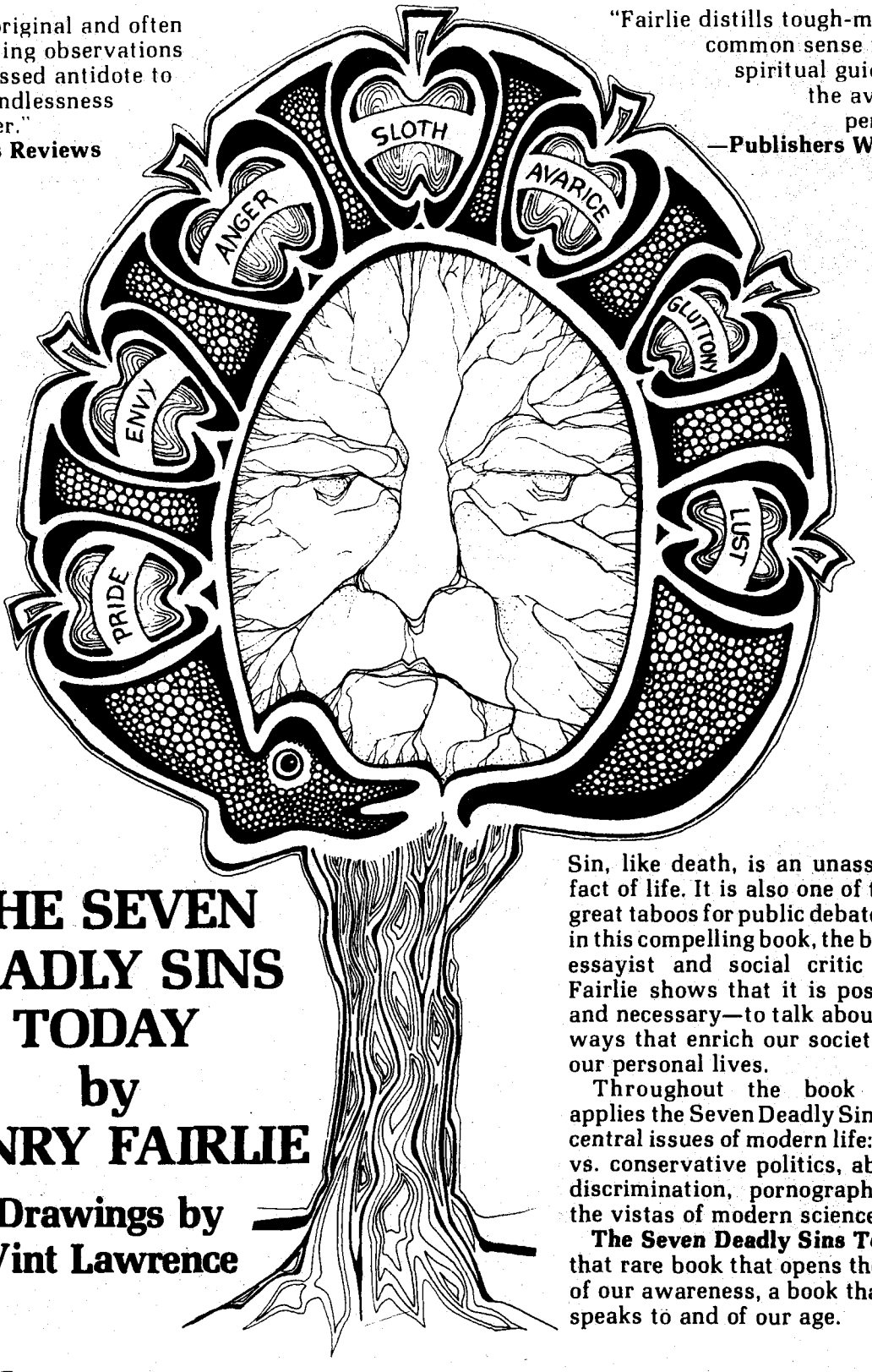
Bynner's life is filled with travels, tales, rivalries, company. I can't wait to read the *Letters*. Bynner twice traveled to China (though with verse results I can't well assess), and is also thought of interest for having declared his bisexuality publicly at an early date. He was Stevens's classmate at Harvard, also Franklin Roosevelt's; a broker sometimes for Pound with Harriet Monroe; a character in *The Plumed Serpent*, as well as Lawrence's friend; famous as a beneficer of younger poets throughout his life; and, if not originally, then certainly effectively, the discoverer of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, whose unpublished poems, collected by Bynner in 1931, are of major importance to 19th-century American studies.

Bynner figures in no anthology of American, modern, or light verse in current use and known to me. May this edition change that. And lead to productions of *Cake*. I specially hope it will lead to a cheap, one-volume selection from Bynner where no separation is made between light and other verse. As with Byron or Hood such distinction is wrong. It interferes with our judgment. Bynner like them is all of a piece, his levity is vital. Like those genius writers of farce, of *comédie-vaudeville*: Labiche, Feydeau, Vitrac, Jarry; like Linder, Arbuckle, Keaton; Bynner is light but that is the point. He makes his mark with lethal acts of indelible levity. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"full of original and often exhilarating observations . . . a blessed antidote to mass-mindlessness altogether."
—**Kirkus Reviews**

"Fairlie distills tough-minded common sense into a spiritual guide for the average person."
—**Publishers Weekly**



THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY by HENRY FAIRLIE

Drawings by Vint Lawrence

Sin, like death, is an unassailable fact of life. It is also one of the last great taboos for public debate. Now, in this compelling book, the brilliant essayist and social critic Henry Fairlie shows that it is possible—and necessary—to talk about sin in ways that enrich our societies and our personal lives.

Throughout the book Fairlie applies the Seven Deadly Sins to the central issues of modern life: liberal vs. conservative politics, abortion, discrimination, pornography, and the vistas of modern science.

The Seven Deadly Sins Today is that rare book that opens the doors of our awareness, a book that truly speaks to and of our age.

$10.00 at bookstores or direct from the publisher.

New Republic Books

1220 19th Street NW
Washington DC 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Psyche's Quarrel With the World

A CALL IN THE MIDST OF THE CROWD. *By Alfred Corn. The Viking Press. 107 pp.*

DAVID KALSTONE

For a poet the second book is often the hardest to write, especially if he has been praised, as Alfred Corn was, for the first. His readers are no longer looking for single gifted poems so much as for staying power, a plotted version of the self—even more, for robustness, for signs of the poet's own particular heresies and power. Those signs are present in the confident and mysterious privacy of the shorter poems in *A Call in the Midst of the Crowd* and in some of the virtuoso moments of the long ambitious "poem in four parts on New York City" which gives the book its title.

A Call in the Midst of the Crowd is less resolved and more agitated than its hale title from Whitman suggests. The book falls into two parts which seem to tap two different levels of psychological pressure and assurance. In the long New York poem the protagonist measures himself against Whitman's extroverts and optimists and comes out saddened, irritated, still full of puzzled pride about the relation of city to solitude, of experience to writing. The apparent plot is a "portrait of the artist as a young man." But the emotional subtext—not realized fully enough on the surface of the poem—is a lovers' separation and tentative reunion. The shorter poems in the book are more focused: they find their strength precisely in those moments of absence, isolation and bereavement which are memorable in the longer poem. In "Darkening Hotel Room," for example, a son trying and failing to remember his mother lost in early childhood recalls what it is like

To reach in confidence for efficient,
Bony arms and only find—
A bereavement, immaterially goes on,
An asceticism, for a lifetime.

The wisdom here has a lot to do with finding the right rhythm and syntax; illumination comes in a plain and pained phrase ("an asceticism"), stern truth, almost masked as an afterthought. I find these accents more authentic and self-possessed than those of the protagonist of "A Call in the Midst of the Crowd," who spends perhaps too much time wandering the city, on foot or bicycle, eating alone in restaurants, "trying to feel actual in the absence of a human echo." The triumphs of this book come in moments when Corn stops thinking in terms of an echo, a self repeated by the world, and begins to feel "actual" *because* the self is imperfectly received and transmitted by others. His best passages and poems suggest human relationships like those in Chekhov plays: characters reach out for one another, and, as if under water, fail to touch because they misjudge the space between them.

In "Synecdoche" a witty reference to grammar becomes a lesson about such privacy. The title come from the rhetorical term which uses the part to represent the whole, the thing contained for the container. ("I hit her with the milk" was James Thurber's example.) Commonplace acts—driving a car, having a drink in a bar—trigger teasing signals, hints of what cannot be articulated between two people about things that wedge them apart. The speaker tries different sets of symbols, allows his grammar to lapse into unpunctuated thought, but can never reach what is being symbolized. He settles for being "contained"; the lover's name in the end remains, appropriately, "Vague."

These poems are good at finding images for desires and failures. The sequel to "Synecdoche," a fine short lyric called "Deception," draws a subtle Proustian conclusion: that the writer's power begins in a lover's doomed desire to tell the truth. Corn finds probing images for anticipation:

Someone fits a flute to his lips, and
The reprise begins: your hand in mine
. . . . . .
Moving on parallel runways of glass.

and for defeat:

The statue whose
Blue damages suggest a man of snow,
Comes back to life to witness its death—
And now gives up that ghost of form only
A child or fool would try to restore:
Try and fail, try and fail and try.

In "A Call in the Midst of the Crowd," a poem of some 80 pages, Corn sets himself a harder task. He alternates his lyrics with collages from famous and anonymous writing about New York: Whitman, Poe, Henry James, Edith Wharton, guidebooks, encyclopedias, *The New York Times*. At their best the quotations stand in provocative relation to the private preoccupations of the poet. A documentary account of Henry Hudson's disappearance at sea, set adrift by his own crew, is followed by a poem which transforms history, turns it inward. Two lovers, separate in spirit, sit together by a fire:

Lost dreams of Passage, infernal machine,
A fortress of towers in which the damned
Follow ever-lower spirals to a final
Trough that slowly fills and packs them down in snow.
The coldest of them, crystallized as he is,
Still remembers a former life when two
Drank at a fire, silenced by separate dreams.

At other times Corn's "documents" threaten to overwhelm his poems. Is it that he doesn't trust the latter or is this willed juxtaposition meant to show us how little the public life has to do with the private? In either case the scheme of the poem—a year, the four seasons, city landmarks visited, the Bicentennial—obligates the poet to respond to and include far more of the stimuli of the outside world than he really cares to. Yet, at one point (JULY: Fire: The People) the public challenge launches him into apocalyptic language of wonderful power. His oceanic phrases subject the city to a transfiguring wish which makes it, momentarily, entirely his own:

There is a fire that surpasses the known burning,
Its phoenix center a couple that must be there,
Blast furnace, dynamo, engendering a city,
Phosphor spines that bend and meet to weld, to fuse
As a divining rod—sluicings, spillway, braid,
Chorded bases that set myriad threads afire,
Newborn limbs and reach of the proven tendon now
Let go into empowered brilliance, rayed showers,
The garden regained. . . .
! . . . . . vague crowds
Falling down streets without character toward
An offered covenant—love that gives them each a name.

The passage, especially in its complete form, makes the whole poem, however flawed, worthwhile—and justifies its bow to Whitman.

But the most valuable apprenticeship

David Kalstone is the author of Five Temperaments (*Oxford*), *a book on contemporary American poetry.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the book is to the poetry of James Merrill and John Ashbery. Not only has studying their work enriched Corn's way of seeing and writing ("The Adversary" is almost pure—and gifted—Ashbery), but it has also given him the courage to explore his instinct for remote states of mind. Some of the most telling details in this book are not external observations but sharp outer detail transferred to Corn's own inner "land of unlikeness." The language is rich, but its purpose is paradoxically ascetic: it allows him to pursue what seems at this stage his subject, the psyche's quarrel with the world. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

In recent years New York has been the scene of a summer dance festival. This summer it started with the Ballet Nacional de Cuba at the Metropolitan Opera and was followed by a "historic" week of the Martha Graham company, that adjective being employed by the Met to signal that its pearly gates would be opened for the first time to barefoot dancers—for eight performances only! After Graham came a performing group from mainland China. Meanwhile, the Berlin Opera Ballet was making its American debut next door, at the New York State Theatre. And who should be heading the roster? None other than the Panovs who, thanks to a German company, were finally granted a New York debut.

It was a festival of sensitive issues, political and otherwise, and of small and larger ironies, some crueler than others. The common denominator was circumstantial eventfulness, and in each case circumstance outweighed event. The season's chronicling properly belongs to a United Nations committee; perhaps it could explain something I cannot figure out. Why is it that in 1972, when artistic suppression was supposedly at its height in China, the noble Shenyang Acrobatic Troupe was performing here, while in 1978, when a hundred flowers are under cultivation there, we get a bunch of dandelions? They were gathered under the heading of the Performing Arts Company, and included singers, instrumentalists, folk and ballet dancers, and performers of the Peking Opera.

This manufactured company put on a manufactured show, presumably designed to give Westerners a sample of Chinese culture in all its manifestations. When the Shenyang acrobats performed here in a long program of nothing but stunts, no one thought about being educated and everyone had a good time. The Shenyang acrobats were for me one of the theatrical highlights of the 1970s. Never had I seen coarse material so utterly transformed by elegant technique, nor seen that elegance ennobled by a delivery positively vaudevillian in its self-pleasure and desire to please. Finesse and innocence—a potent combination, and because the Shenyang format was a series of *divertissement*, its peculiar power could accumulate and deepen over an evening. The Performing Arts Company went the survey route, which as every college freshman knows is a bummer. Even before a soprano belted *America the Beautiful* (to assuage us for the preceding song honoring Chairman Mao's 80th birthday) and the instrumentalists warbled *Turkey in the Straw* (in cha-cha rhythm), one could feel the hand of Good Will stroking us on the shoulders. It began with the very first number of the first program, called Lotus Dance. Under the rosy lights of a Hollywood dawn and to musical accompaniment reminiscent of that heard on juke boxes in your local Chinese takeout, pastel-clad lassies minced around the stage in picture-book symmetry, never once forsaking the imagery of floating lily pads, never once playing with an illusion that surely must have struck them as insipid. Or did it? Time and time again one wondered if the numbers had been laundered for Western sensibilities or if, indeed, the Chinese aesthetic is more primitive than one dares imagine. Did the Lotus Dance really constitute their idea of lyricism? Did the soloist on the pipa (a cross between a lute and a mandolin) really think that by ravaging his instrument he was being a virtuoso? I fully expected him to climax the display by heaving the thing into the orchestra pit, à la Victor Borge. The dancer with the fans and another woman with a bowl on top of her head could not know that their shimmying backbends were echoing the belly-dancer routine at the State Theatre in Panov's *Cinderella*, but did they really think they were being sensual? Far from bridging the gulf between East and West, the program precipitated a crisis of credibility.

One would have thought that a program of bits and pieces would yield un-

Hubert Humphrey

Sheldon D. Engelmayer & Robert J. Wagman

The Man and His Dream 1911-1978

Introduction by Senator Muriel Humphrey

In this, the first book on "The Happy Warrior" since his death early this year, two award-winning Washington journalists have constructed a warm and perceptive overview of the life and career of America's most beloved politician. Between the chronologically arranged speeches from the time he was mayor of Minneapolis to the time of his death are woven a series of connective bridges which point up the unflagging consistency and innovative quality of Humphrey's thirty years in Washington. (Did you know he "invented" the Peace Corps and Medicare?) The authors get to the heart of the man through his own words, and in the process, they have discovered a politician unlike any other in the United States.

Epilogue by Vice President Walter F. Mondale
Eulogy by President Jimmy Carter

$12.95 hardcover, from your bookseller or Methuen
777 Third Avenue, New York 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

predictable results. The selections from Peking Opera, in which acrobatics are central, were the high points so overwhelmingly and consistently that even the company's moments of triumph produced feelings of incredulity. Why in God's name didn't the producers simply bring over a complete opera? The first, and better, program offered two such excerpts. *San Cha Kou* revolves around a mistaken identity and an ensuing battle in pitch blackness, realized by mime and by the assailants' thrilling split-second timing in missed connections. One could read this deft routine as a *shtick*, a kinetic characterization of bumpkin type (in gaudy costume) and noble type, or as a pure abstraction on the theme of blindness. On whatever level one chose to see it the sustaining factors were skill and taste. The selection from *Monkey Makes Havoc in Heaven* has going for it a delicious plot as well as impeccable acrobatics. Like *The Sleeping Beauty*, it's about the nobility's flawed conception of courtesy. A lowly monkey-king takes umbrage at not being invited to a peach banquet held by the Jade Emperor of the Heavenly Court. He invades heaven, gets potted and litters the joint with peach pits and goblets. The requisite battle follows, with the monkey troops outwitting in spectacular tumbles and somersaults an establishment army so encumbered with uniforms and weaponry they cannot possibly cope. All the battle scenes are both pretexts for dazzling feats and parables, which pit Mercutio-like guerrillas against dumb, ungainly officialdom. As in so much Western ballet, grace and agility are metaphors for brains and good character. With no program notes to help, one immediately knew that the yellow team was the good team in *Yentang Mountain* (a third selection from Peking Opera) because its leader was lighter on his feet than the leader of the blue team —just as one immediately understands in *Giselle* that the lumbering Hilarion is the villain and graceful Albrecht the man dear to Giselle's heart, thus the hero. This similarity is the kind of hands-across-the-ocean which, if not necessarily sought out, is nonetheless felicitous. As for the rest of it, the Chinese need not have made the voyage. *We* could have gone to Chinatown.

Had the Chinese stepped across the plaza to the Berlin Opera Ballet they would have seen a Hilarion transforming their adorable monkey-king into an ape-anti-hero and their belly-dancer counterpart being spurned by the prince as he *jetéd* around the globe looking for Cinderella. Both attractions were offered by Valery Panov, in the first as revisionist interpreter and in the second as choreographer-dancer (the prince, that is). The Hilarion will surely go down in the annals as the supreme example of gratuitous grotesquerie and upstaging. For this ape was a dancing ape who, if not as suave as Albrecht, could at least outdo him in quantity of leaps and turns. Having won the world's sympathy for the inhumane treatment he and his wife, Galina, had to endure in the Soviet Union, Panov is now on a campaign to prove that the years of forced layoff had no adverse effect on his technique. The choreography he has given himself in both roles is precisely the kind to reveal the loss he wants to deny, but it's not the state of the body that is objectionable. (How could any audience be cruel or stupid enough to expect a dancer's body, the most fragile of instruments, to transcend time?) It's the campaign that was horrendous. Giving himself an introduction more elaborate and sustained that the one Aurora receives for her first entrance in *Sleeping Beauty*, Prince Panov came tearing out of the wings to leap . . . and leap . . . and leap. Then he did it again . . . and again . . . and again. He could not step from one foot to the other without pulling a trick. His younger and pretty wife bore no message beyond what pliant feet, a light jump and composed arms may transmit. She is a pleasing dancer, not imaginative enough to encompass the passionate nature of Giselle but sweet enough to make Cinderella an appealing waif. Her charm speckled an impossibly turgid *Cinderella* with whatever fairy-tale lyricism it had. The other dancers were incompetent. In *Giselle* the leavening was provided by Eva Evdokimova, who alternated with Panov in the role. In recent seasons American Ballet Theatre has been setting the trend, and until Evdokimova came along with a full-out articulation of steps, one had almost forgotten that Giselle's affliction is hot blood, not mononucleosis.

The Graham season. In answer to the question that was on everyone's mind, the Graham dancers and repertory filled the Met easily. So easily, in fact, as to make the Big Question bogus. It so happens that in the last few years the company has been dancing as though it were at the Met. And therein lies whatever power the current company possesses and the seeds of its decline. The image is big and bold. It works for the pounding dance of the furies in *Night Journey* and for the fiery diagonals in *Diversion of Angels*. It demeans the delicacy of Graham's choreography and obscures the psychological complexity for which she is justly famous. Her full-evening *Clytemnestra*, performed only once during the week, was the telltale ballet. It is one of the great curiosities of our time, an enormous spectacle presided over by an externally static heroine and animated by cameo portraits of her enemies. At the Met the spectacle held up, but it existed in a vacuum. The dancers perceived themselves as so many props on an already prop-filled stage. One could not tell Agamemnon (Tim Wengerd) from Aegisthus (Mario Delamo), although one could make out the difference between them and Orestes (Peter Sparling). Surely Graham had distinctions in mind other than that between hefty-thighed and slim-thighed. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Painting used to be divided into genres or categories, what E.H. Gombrich called "traditions of subject matter." The genres were as codified as the army, with figure painting at the top, portraiture and landscape next and still life at the bottom. When it became evident in the 19th century that a life could be as fruitfully spent painting intense landscapes as dull figure compositions, the hierarchy was bent. In the 20th century abstract painting subsumed all category differences and the genres disappeared. Recently, however, they have separated out again, with numerous exhibitions and studies devoted to the nude, portraiture, landscape, still life as subject matter. What was wrong with genre theory was its pyramidal ranking, not necessarily the concept of differentiated modes, each with its specific characteristics.

"14 Still Life Painters" (Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Avenue, until July 28) is the latest sign of new confidence in the categories. It takes as point of departure an earlier exhibition, "Close to Home" at the Genesis Galleries (*The Nation*, October 30, 1976). This show tested the idea that a lot of women artists were using still life. It turned out that they were, not because it was a gender predisposition but because they were part of a wider tendency to oppose the depersonalization of the still life. Objects from "close to home" were the natural means to make this point.

It must be remembered that the familiarity of the objects in still-life painting used to be viewed as banal. Given a transcendent view of art's func-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, which everybody used to have unthinkingly, patient transcription of the things of the world needed explaining. Still-life painting in the early 20th century came to be justified in terms of the objects' transparency: one looked through the humble bottle or the quotidian pitcher to their inherent geometry. Still-life artists are no longer bound to this platonic notion, and the emblematic and associational aspects of objects are part of their renewed theme.

It is often forgotten that artists are a resource of art galleries in more ways than turning out the articles that the galleries offer for sale. They have interests and contacts far beyond their supply and demand relationship to the gallery. For instance the Forum exhibition is arranged by Laura Shechter, one of the gallery artists, but she is able to draw on painters from other galleries to define a certain sensibility within the broad range of present still life.

Shechter repeats five of the artists from "Close to Home," herself included, and adds five men and four more women. Aside from the flashy paintings of Gregory Gillespie (a star of the Forum Gallery and obviously imposed upon the show by the gallery), it is a consistent group. Most of the works can be placed in a cluster of visual characteristics that goes something like this. There is (*1*) a high level of detail; (*2*) color on the whole restrained; (*3*) forms usually clear, whether the work is linear or painterly in style, and (*4*) scale is mostly small. Even when the works are painterly, the brushwork does not reduce the overall clarity, and when color is more intense than the norm it is curbed by tonal sobriety. Shades of emphasis of the kind listed here are crucial in the appreciation of artists in their singularity. Hence organization by genre, though it opposes conventional formal approaches to art, clarifies the personal style of individuals.

The reticent sensibility defined by Shechter includes the proponents of both control and casualness. Martha Mayer Erlebacher's wartercolors are exact and steady renderings of fruit and vegetables, in which the act of arrangement is declared, like the etiquette of a formal dinner setting. John Moore's watercolors, with their moist, even washes, signal an implacable prior hand in arranging the objects before painting. There is a double level of ordering, in the choreography of objects and in their depiction. By comparison, Marion Lerner Levine has described her method of work: "I began by painting objects that had arranged/composed themselves in the course of days of cooking, cleaning up, rearranging, emptying out."

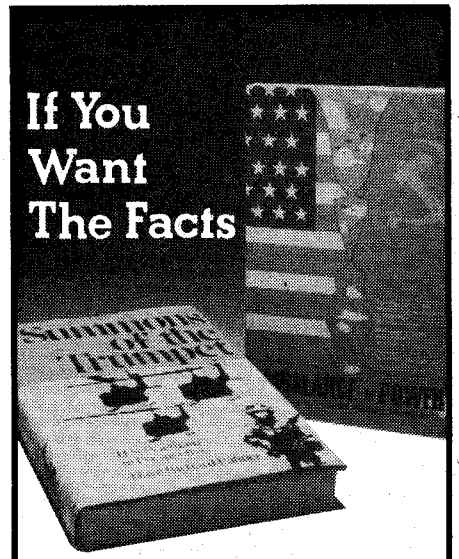
There is a tactic here of letting the objects arrange themselves in the course of the artist's life. Other painters who minimize the sense of advance composition in favor of random sample or happy discovery as a mode of seeing are Nancy Hagin, Lucy Sallick and Susanna Steig. Hagin's paintings of folded shopping carts on pegs and hanging plants seen against the light investigate the dimension of off-the-floor storage. Sallick's unfolding arrays of objects in a clear light also imply the stream of objects that intersects with our lives. Steig's paintings of objects —some with past, some with present associations—suggest a moody, accidental present. This sense of the abundant world, beyond ideological constraints, is of course a central resource of realist art.

The reason for the reappearance of the genres is the revival of realism. The status of realism is contested by modernists who regard it as a perennial habit of unambitious artists or a new version of the failure of nerve. However, there are reasons to consider a firmer base for it. The fact that it has multiple origins, advanced by different artists not in touch with one another, is a sign of authenticity. The fact of its stylistic diversity suggests that it is not merely a reaction against modernism but a legitimate alternative. Finally, the reappearance of genre theory, an unexpected development, justifies realism in another way. The practice of realism is not merely proceeding in an art world dominated by modernist aesthetics; on the contrary it is spontaneously bringing forward its appropriate conceptual forms. The present exhibition, and others like it, are symptomatic of a larger change in our art and hence in our aesthetics. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

If I knew what to call *Bread and Chocolate,* I might be able to say in a sentence why this film, potentially so rewarding, is in fact not much more than peculiar. Its author and director, Franco Brusati, probably intends it as a tragicomedy, but it is not that because the two elements never fuse. It looks as though he had set himself to film an ironic, picaresque chronicle



Imbalance of Power
Shifting U.S.-Soviet Military Strengths
John M. Collins/
Anthony H. Cordesman

The most authoritative, complete assessment of the U.S./Soviet balance.
Senator Howard Baker, Jr.

The issue is national survival and the time is NOW. One of the most thought-provoking books of our generation, this in-depth analysis gives you the FACTS on U.S. military preparedness.

ISBN: 0 89141 059 7
$6.95 paper

Summons of the Trumpet
U.S.-Vietnam in Perspective
Dave Richard Palmer

A comprehensive, objective, and highly creditable synthesis of America's involvement in Vietnam.
General W. C. Westmoreland

Colonel Palmer writes of mistakes, aggression, and brutality on both sides, and of lessons that must not be lost. A History Book Club selection

ISBN: 0 89141 041 4
$12.95 cloth

At your bookstore or order from Presidio Press Distribution Center, Box 978 N, Edison, NJ 08817

Satisfaction guaranteed
Send now for free catalog of books on military history and current affairs.

PRESIDIO PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about one of his countrymen, a man from the South who seeks to earn a nest egg among the complacent, pious Swiss and their affluent tourist clientele (I recall a film, but not its title, about a trio of Italian gents who had shot off to Sweden for a holiday among the sexually relaxed Scandinavians; that was a kidding of national stereotypes that worked). But it looks also as though Brusati is not able to remain cool about Northern Europe's treatment of Southern Italians, as though the further he proceeded with his film, the madder he became. So what starts as a satisfactorily sardonic account, with hilarious interludes, about the misadventures of Nino (Nino Manfredi), a confirmed worrier who attempts to cover his general innocence and specific ineptitudes (he works as a waiter in a resort hotel) with a quick tongue and an infectious smile, develops stains of unrelieved ugliness, not to say horror. And the director so deeply resents the contempt of the North for his hapless compatriots, and so bitterly deplores the Italian habit of meeting insults with smiles and song, that he cannot resist lecturing the audience, along with almost everyone in the cast.

That is how it seems. In fairness, it must be said that early in the picture Brusati warns us he is up to more than slapstick and moonlight by leading his hero to stumble on a sex murder in a wooded section of the public park; thus it may be that what the picture conveys is what from the start he meant it to convey. If so, I have to say it was a dubious idea. Tragicomedy advances the thesis that experience rarely comes to us as all smiles or all tears; that life is a mixed blessing. Probably true; certainly plausible. But *Bread and Chocolate* seems to argue that fate tickles us and slugs us with metronomic regularity, until at the end we are reduced, as is Nino, to catalepsy. That doesn't coincide with what one runs into outside the casebooks of abnormal psychology, and dramatically it becomes painfully arbitrary.

The problem is evident in Manfredi's performance. I judge him to be an agile and witty actor; not very powerful, perhaps, but ingratiating and eloquent. Here, however, he seems to be on the strings of the director's agenda, jerked from clown to prophet, from scamp to victim, so rapidly that one ends by dismissing him as more object than performer.

When I think back to the picture, I remember two scenes: one is of Manfredi trying gymnastically to extricate his wallet from a particularly inaccessible area of his underwear, while several incredulous tourists gaze upon his contortions; the other is of him crouching in a chicken coop among a company of illegal and half-crazed workers, and gazing rapt at an assembly of naked Aryan boys and girls in a tableau that might well have hung in Eva Braun's boudoir. The first scene was good, if traditional, tomfoolery; the second was manipulated propaganda. The underdog as comic rogue is a great and, I fear, timeless theme; unfortunately, Brusati had weightier matters on his mind. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

VERDI: *I Due Foscari.* Katia Ricciarelli, José Carreras, Piero Cappuccilli, Samuel Ramey. Austrian Radio Chorus and Symphony Orchestra; Lambreto Gardelli, cond. Philips 6700 105. $17.96 (two discs).

Il trovatore. Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Luciano Pavarotti, Ingvar Wixell, Nicolai Ghiaurov. London Opera Chorus, National Philharmonic Orchestra; Richard Bonynge, cond. London OSA 13124. $20.94 (three discs).

Leontyne Price, Elena Obraztsova, Franco Bonisolli, Piero Cappuccilli, Ruggero Raimondi. Chorus of the Deutsche Opera, Berlin; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert von Karajan, cond. Angel SCLX 3855. $24.94 (three discs).

La traviata. Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes. Bavarian State Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Carlos Kleiber, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2707 103. $17.96 (two discs).

Simon Boccanegra. Mirella Freni, José Carreras, Piero Cappuccilli, Nicolai Ghiaurov, José van Dam. Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala, Milan; Claudio Abbado, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2709 071. $26.94 (three discs).

For summer entertainment, serious listeners to opera on records might care to divert themselves by reading—or, better, skimming—*Aria*, by Brown Meggs (Atheneum, $10.95), an obese and steamy novel about the finagling, boozing and bedding attendant upon a recording of Verdi's *Otello*. Beneath the fictional surface, according to those who should know, are events and personages drawn from life—including, no doubt, the "hero," a record producer on the skids who appears sincerely to believe that he's engaged in the creation of Great Art. This delusion is evidently shared by the author, himself a former recording executive, but what emerges from these pages is a melancholy picture of an unconstructively symbiotic relationship among capitalist competitive instinct, performers' vanity, and consumers' gullibility that confirms what we often hear on the nonfictional recordings.

Verdi was not so foolish as the hero of *Aria*. Though the Italian operatic world of his day may have been a cottage industry compared with the modern international record market, it cannot have been so different in kind. Verdi knew what it was worth, played the game as necessary until he became so good at it that he could withdraw to the country and dictate his own conditions. We are still learning about his route to that eminence, for the full glare of modern scholarship has only recently been turned on Verdi. The most accessible and comprehensive report is Julian Budden's *The Operas of Verdi: from Oberto to Rigoletto* (recently reissued by Oxford, $25), and to this we can now add William Weaver's handsome and informative *Verdi: A Documentary Study* (Thames and Hudson, $37.50), as well as countless more specialized studies in the musical press; furthermore, a carefully edited scholarly edition of the operas themselves is at last in preparation.

Meanwhile, Verdi recordings continue

A MOCKINGBIRD

The bird whose song
I do not know
calls again
outside the window.

I call it a mockingbird,
knowing that one
to be a singer of many songs.

A cold sunny morning,
haze of heat rising
above chimneys seen
through the web of bare elms,
a bird's song
its own true name

making this morning
hang suspended
high and still
like one of those
old Japanese prints
with forever cresting waves.

Joseph Bruchac

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to appear, and I cannot avoid a growing feeling that, in one way or another, more and more of them are missing the point, failing to make significant contact with the musical and dramatic substance of the operas. The symptoms are various, the cause probably rooted in the steady internationalization of the opera business, which has already fatally weakened the French tradition. Taking part in the present batch of Verdi recordings are musicians from Germany, Austria, Sweden, Spain, Belgium, the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, Romania, Great Britain, Australia and the United States; though some few have acquired, instinctively or intellectually, a grasp of the concerns to which the operas respond—personal, familial, social, cultural and political—most of them evidently approach them as purely musical problems, as jobs to be done, as vehicles for personal projection. It's hard enough to make good operatic performances under the best of circumstances; if you compound the problem by bringing together, for a short time and under hectic, pressured conditions, participants with various, mostly unarticulated and unconsidered ideas of what the pieces are about, something curious is likely to result.

Even the latest installment in Philips's well-intentioned and valuable series devoted to Verdi's early operas suffers from such problems. *I Due Foscari*, a work of 1844 (thus, between *Ernani* and *Giovanna d'Arco*), made a considerable impression in New York ten years ago, as performed by the Rome Opera with an ensemble of singers by no means as celebrated (and arguably less gifted) than the protagonists of the new recording. Perhaps because of the shared experience of performing the work together a number of times, and surely because of the strong hand of conductor Bruno Bartoletti, that performance had a focus and impact altogether lacking in Gardelli's superficially competent performance.

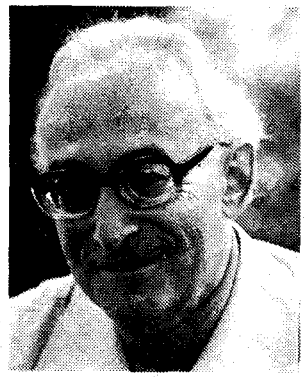
Except for the excellent Samuel Ramey, all of the present cast work less well here than they have worked elsewhere. Even granting that the soprano lead requires emphases in the lower register that simply aren't in her voice, Ricciarelli—too often tuning her notes after they have begun—does not sound like the capable and disciplined singer I have heard working with Abbado (in the Verdi *Requiem*) and Levine (a strong and touching Desdemona in last season's admirable Met *Otello*). Carreras drives his essentially lyric voice at an unvaried fortissimo, and Cappuccilli's unsteady tone at lower dynamic levels is no pleasure to the ears.

Even if all this diminishes the opera's expressive potential, the recording is certainly worth attention, for Verdi's adaptation of Byron's *The Two Foscari* is one of his strongest early works. Though the literary source furnished more words than plot, so that librettist Piave's condensation of Byron's five acts into three remains sparsely populated with events, the situation remains compelling: an aging Doge of Venice is forced to send his son into exile and then to retire. Verdi's setting is exceptionally economical in duration and in musical material; there is extensive and, for the period, uncharacteristic use of thematic reminiscence. The often remarkably delicate workmanship is full of striking instrumental ideas (e.g., the introduction to Act II, a duet for solo viola and cello). Verdi was later to depreciate the opera's persistently somber tone—"too unvarying a color from beginning to end"—but this is not without its own kind of force.

Around Bonynge's *Trovatore* there are mysteries. Not merely that one wonders why it was made in the first place, although the conductor's penchant for letting tempo go slack having been indulged already on the first page, to inappropriate effect, that question does come to mind very quickly. Persevering past Ghiaurov's smeary traversal of the opening narration, one begins to notice curious minor divergences from the standard text of this most familiar among operas. Research establishes that these are lifted from Verid's 1857 French revision; except for the inclusion of the extensive ballet music, however, the most substantial of the changes made for that occasion are ignored. Now Verdi's revisions are almost always interesting, though sometimes ill-considered (as some of those Bonynge omits have been regarded in the literature), and so a recording of *Il Trouvère*, even an indifferent one sung in Italian, would have at least historical and educational interest. But box and booklet are mute about the variants, which means that unwary purchasers are in for some surprises. This ought to have been billed as "the first partial recording of *Il Trouvère* in Italian," but London's left hand appears not to know. . . .

Trovatore's first two acts deal primarily with narration: the characters are very busy filling each other in on prior events. Bonynge's singers, while bringing certain tangible vocal resources to their roles, hardly ever give the feeling that they're telling a story; they're singing about singing, not about words or action. Karajan's cast makes more of this aspect of the opera, but unfortunately they don't sing very well, giving a different but equally short measure. The Berlin Philharmonic's playing, polished as always, seems excessively concerned with dynamic extremes—everything is either very loud or very hushed—and is decidedly less idiomatic in tone and accent than what Karajan elicited some years back from the La Scala orchestra in the same opera (Angel 3554, mono). Though the Scala recording was unusually complete for its day, this new one, like Mehta's (RCA LSC 6149, with Price in substantially better voice and much stronger colleagues), makes no cuts whatsoever.

Most puzzling is the *Traviata* led by Carlos Kleiber. The opening scene has superabundant energy, but the inflexible, underarticulated fast tempos, the squealing piccolos and rifle-shot drum strokes violently contradict any impression that this is a party, even a feverish or decadent one; Prussian officers may have lived it up in this style, but not the French demimonde, even seen through the eyes of an unsophisticated Italian. That the singers manage a sem-



Kings or People
Power and the Mandate to Rule
Reinhard Bendix
In this culminating work Bendix challenges the major theories of growth and change in the authority of state.

"A brilliant achievement that will be equally fascinating for the general reader, the student and the specialized scholar."
—*Henry W. Ehrmann*

"*Kings or People* is equal to the grandeur of its subject: the political origins of the modern world."
—*Clifford Geertz*

704 pages, 12 maps, 75 halftones, $20.00

At bookstores

CALIFORNIA
University of California Press Berkeley 94720

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blance of conversational tone in the musical surroundings is surely to be admired; it cannot easily be enjoyed.

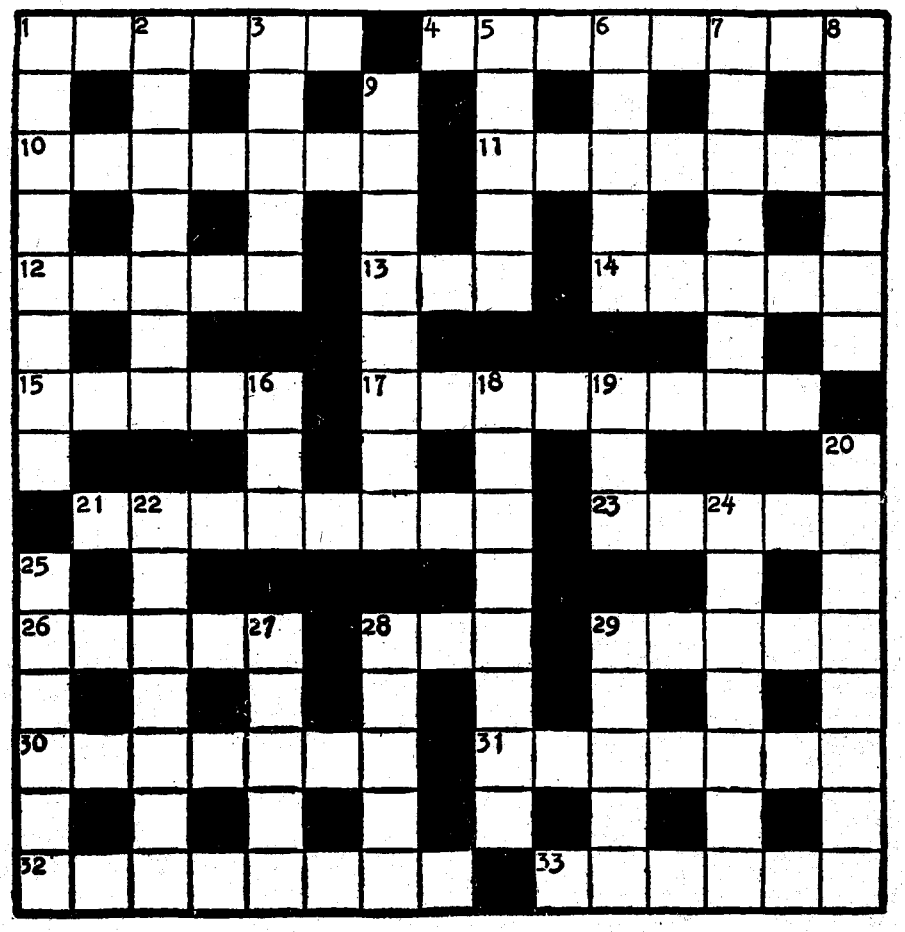
Nothing thereafter is quite as bad as this beginning, and in the second act Cotrubas's sensitivity begins to count for more than it has in any of her work so far at the Met (which may well be too large a house for her). Her frequently unsteady and impure sound remains troublesome; were the voice free and well supported, she would surely be an important singer. The men, healthy of tone, are given little opportunity (or incentive, either) for individuality of expression (they are allowed one verse each of their often-omitted *cabalettas* in Act II, but several other standard cuts remain unopened). For all its aggressive "correctness," this is ultimately a monotonous performance, and the sound of the Bavarian orchestra in ensemble or solo is often ugly.

Readers will recall my admiration for the La Scala performances of *Simon Boccanegra* in Washington two years ago. Though I included Deutsche Grammophon's recording of that production in my year-end list, I recall it again here in order to end on a happier note: in Milan, at least, Verdi is still performed with expertise and conviction. The quality of the workmanship is attested by the fact that singers give better performances here than on other recordings: Abbado cannot give Cappuccilli more voice than nature did, but has taught him how to get the best results from what he has, while the customary mannerisms of Carreras and Ghiaurov are but minimally obtrusive. Though Freni isn't perfectly suited to her role—the voice turns hard in the upper octave—her lines are firmly and sensitively shaped. The closest thing to great singing here comes from José van Dam, in the secondary but dramatically crucial role of Paolo, but the others, whatever their limitations, all work effectively and in a remarkably uniform style.

That style is brilliantly sustained by the Scala orchestra; in warmth and homogeneity of tone, spring and vigor of attack, and sheer instrumental virtuosity, only the Metropolitan Opera orchestra is in this league these days. The chorus, too, is quite formidable. Despite all the rehearsal and repetition that such a settled and coherent performance must have entailed, Abbado has managed to keep it spontaneous and expressive, so that all Verdi's levels of concern are vividly articulated. Amid the patchwork of other recordings, this one bears the most convincing witness to the survival of a meaningful tradition of Verdi performance. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1736

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Takes care of your problem—for free! (6)
4 Very old weapons, about the sort which could be present-day cutters. (8)
10 What British lifts do. (7)
11 For example, things like one or two novocaine types. (7)
12 A gun's explosion brings out the bull, perhaps. (5)
13 See 3 down
14 The sort of factor one combines for a French runner. (5)
15 Perhaps a picture of the currently fashionable crowd. (5)
17 The home team isn't. (8)
21 If a docker could patch up his work, would he be such a salesman? (8)
23 There's no sign of a hit with one. (5)
26 In Florida, part of a local argument. (5)
28 See 3 down
29 Snaps the contents of it? (5)
30 Katherine gets credit for action with one. (7)
31 A telling performance, evidently. (7)
32 Surrounds the Spanish in a change of scene. (8)
33 Throws a ball, with free admission provided. (6)

DOWN

1 and 7 High-placed figure, sometimes seen with a shiner. (3,3,2,3,4)
2 Comes right out and does it. (7)
3, 13, 28 across, 19, 25 and 20 What is the manner by which the type associated with fortune is shattered by Fate? (5,3,3,3,6,8)
5 Were her arms secured by title? (5)
6 Have a top sound, with an alternative for funny stuff. (5)
7 See 1 down
8 In England, point to us being over male or female, for example. (6)
9 The last five letters could be a cause for celebration. (8)
16 Something to drink or eat when upset. (3)
18 Mister, is that what one of these might be called? (Or are they dampers?) (8)
19 and 20 See 3 down
22 Its lace might be expandable. (7)
24 The Southerners, as they say, about ate the things they sometimes give you back. (7)
25 See 3 down
27 What you hear on TV? (5)
28 Have a slice of pie in the club. (5)
29 Bow when rising, after a current sign in Africa. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 1735

ACROSS: 1 Meditation; 6 Disc; 10 Someday; 11 Cruiser; 12 Eats; 13 Chain store; 15 Midship; 16 Slice up; 17 Capulet; 20 Benison; 22 Alarmingly; 23 Taxi; 25 Indrawn; 26 Nearing; 27 Sate; 28 Ascendancy. DOWN: 1 Master mechanics; 2 Demoted; 3 Tidy; 4 Toyshop; 5 Orchids; 7 In store; 8 Correspondingly; 9 Questions; 14 Whole meal; 18 Plaudit; 19 Tenants; 20 Balance; 21 Station; 24 Land.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

**$3.00 per line/2 line minimum;
6 words (45 characters or spaces) per line.
Payment must accompany all orders.
Send to Classified Dept., The Nation,
333 Sixth Avenue, NYC 10014.**

PUBLICATIONS

ATTN: Community Organizers and Housing Activists. Special issue of **SHELTERFORCE** (a nat'l housing publication) features analyses of U.S Cities and Carter's Urban Policy. Review copy: $1. Special group rates. SHELTERFORCE, Dept. N, 380 Main St., E. Orange, N.J. 07018.

NON-FICTION CATALOG No. 1, used books. 25¢ to Richards, 314 Belle Isle, Pittsburgh, PA 15226.

BULLETIN OF CONCERNED ASIAN SCHOLARS: 1978 #1: Korea, Thailand, China. #2: Japan Special. Feminist author, peasant revolt, A-Bomb, people's art. Sub. $9; issue $2.50. Box W Charlemont, MA 01339.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

57 greatest achievers illustrate **THE WAY TO SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS:** President Carter, Gary Player, Rockefeller, Mark Spitz . . . ; Cassete Tape, $5.00 — Educational-Motivation Services, 1459N Lakeview, Heber Springs, AR 72543—Satisifaction Guaranteed.

CANCER?—Protect yourself! No drugs, no risk, clear scientific brochure $4.00, M.L. Box 482, Glenn Dale, MD 20769.

"TECHNOCRACY—Technological Social Design" available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

WHAT'S HAPPENED IN SOUTHEAST ASIA SINCE THE VIETNAM WAR? Read **The Southeast Asia Chronicle**—Vietnam, Rebuilding the South; The Human Rights Issue; Thailand Under Military Rule; Underdevelopment in Cambodia; Laos Recovers from America's War; The Philippine Resistance; $1.00 each, subscrip. rate $8.00 yearly, Dept. B, P.O. Box 4000-D, Berkley, Ca. 94704. Free catalogue of materials on Southeast Asia available.

LITERARY SERVICES

EDITORIAL SERVICES—Free-lance rewrite, editing, copy editing, proofreading. 212-287-0026 or write Nation, Box 122.

PLAYWRIGHTS—Produced playwright, director, teacher of play-writing, will evaluate your script's strengths and weaknesses—help you decide where to go from here. Rates: Up to 50 pages—$20; 50-90 pp.—$30; full length—$50. Mail script and SASE to: Playwrights Service, Box 492 Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230.

CUSTOM CROSSWORDS
Individually made for your conventions, retreats, anniversaries, family occasions! Personalized terms, names, in-jokes, etc. Camera-ready. Write: Carol Bly, Custom Crosswords, Odin House, Madison, Minn. 56256.

FOR SALE

Used Tennis balls for sale, 2¢ each. Contact Box 676 Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017.

LAPHAM FOR PRESIDENT bumper sticker. Support HARPER's courageous editor. $1.00 to HARMONY Box 2901 Tucson AZ 85702.

FOR SALE—1973 Fiat 124. $400 or best offer. Needs engine work. Call Kai—212-242-8400.

FOR SALE—Compuwriter II, Mag Set, Developer and two type fonts. Barely used, excellent condition. Call Ann Epstein at **The Nation**, 212-242-8400.

EMPLOYMENT

EMPLOYMENT: Experienced Economist with M.A., Woodrow Wilson School, Princeton University. Seeks employment with developing consulting firm in N.Y. area—Nation Box 14.

Writer/Editor/Researcher, Yale Grad. Journalistic experience, seeks employment. Write: Nation Box 15 or call 212-688-4165.

PERSONALS

SWINGERS. Discreet personal introductions, couples-singles. Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pennsylvania 17402. (717) 848-1408

WANT PENPALS? Get a different perspective on current events by corresponding with someone overseas. Details from Friends Worldwide, CP-95N Anjou, Montreal, Canada H1K 4G5. Lonely Hearts abstain.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA. 19081.

Dolores—Come back to me, my Carmen . . .
—H.H.

COUNTRY PROPERTY

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House, 3 bedrooms for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 460, Gracie Sta., New York, N.Y. 10028. 212-233-5314.

FOR RENT—Truro, Mass. Unique woods dwelling. Large, bright living rm, sundeck, 2 bedrm, 2 fireplaces, central heat, all appliances. September to May or all year. 617-349-3700.

SPLENDID HOUSE in Newbury, Vt. Country kitchen with fireplace, large living room, cherry-wood parlor, spiral staircase, 5 bedrooms. Large barn and new shed. Pond. 50 acres on dead-end road. $75,000. 802-222-5798.

MISCELLANEOUS

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. New. Information: N26, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

WANTED. Active members for THE COMMITTEE FOR THE ON-GOING REVOLUTION. Don't just stand there! JOIN NOW. For information write COMFORT, 605 W. 47 St., Suite 114, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

If you would like to reach a largely untapped audience of discriminating, educated and concerned readers, **The Nation's** Classified section is for you. The rates are low: $3 per line (45 characters or spaces) and the returns are high. Take advantage of our special offer. Place an insertion order for three weeks and we will run your ad for an extra week at no additional cost. Send your orders to: Adam Green c/o **The Nation.**

The Nation's Best
Crossword Puzzles
Book #4 is now out. Send $3.50 (postpaid) to: E.S. Lewis, 642 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. 06511. Or send $8 for a set of all four books by Frank Lewis.

PEACE MINDED GREETING CARDS for holidays and everyday. 24-design assortment, $4. Free card/gift/book catalog: Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271-N, Nyack, NY 10960.

HAVE A MAGICIAN at your next party. Perfect for children. Shows range anywhere from 35 minutes to 1 hour. Reasonable rates. Nation, Box 17.

WANTED: Humorous articles, sketches, essays, stories, etc., for a high-school humor mag. Send to The Nation, Box 3.

Recipe for vegetarian **TEXAS CHILI.** Send $2.00 to F-L, Box 20527, Dallas, Texas 75220.

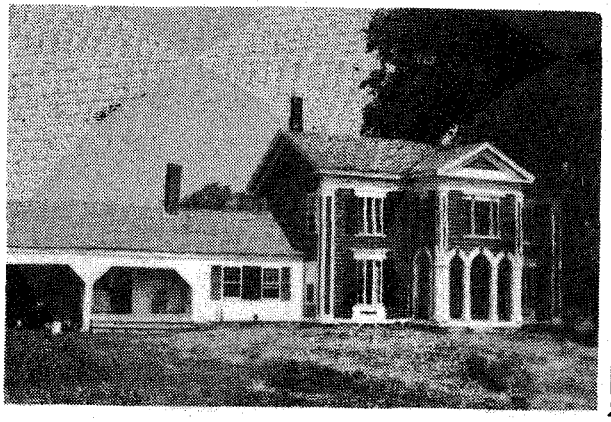
GEISMAR-KAPLAN—Men's clothier to **The Nation**
Geismar-Kaplan
598 Valley Road
Upper Montclair, New Jersey
201-783-9393

WANTED: Oak antique round dining room table 42 inches. Contact Nation, Box 18.

Writer/Researcher seeks information concerning the export by U.S. Firms of Police equipment. Call Nick—212-242-8400.

PHOTOGRAPHY

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES—Experienced photographer and teacher. Studio or location. Instruction available for all ages. Bob Helmond, 212-284-4079 or write Nation, Box 124.



ARE
YOU
BUYING
OR
SELLING
REAL ESTATE?

ADVERTISE
IN
THE NATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MS READ-a-thon

a simple way to start youngsters reading.

The MS READ-a-thon is a nationwide reading program for boys and girls 6 to 14. That alone is a commendable project, yet it has another purpose, too: to raise money to help find a cure for multiple sclerosis.

How does it work? Young people who register are called "Mystery Sleuths" – enrolled in the search to solve the mystery of MS. Mystery Sleuths read books for their own pleasure. At the same time they ask relatives and friends to give them a donation – ten cents, a quarter, a dollar or more – for every book they read, which provides funding for MS research and patient services.

MS Multiple Sclerosis Mystery Sleuth

To date, over 4 million children have participated. More than 11 million books have been read, which has produced over 11 million dollars for the MS cause. The youngsters themselves get two important rewards – the enjoyment of reading, and the satisfaction that comes from helping others.

Originated and developed by the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, the MS READ-a-thon is supervised by local MS chapters in conjunction with local schools. It has the support of the U.S. Office of Education and the International Reading Association who consider the program to have unusual educational and social value.

If you're a parent or educator and would like to help, you can start an MS READ-a-thon for youngsters in your area. Just call your school or local MS chapter, or call toll-free (800) 243-6000.

Kids can help, too!

National Multiple Sclerosis Society, 205 East 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED